

jagger

JULY 36, 1980

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OF A LIFE-TIME

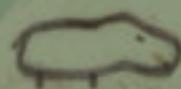
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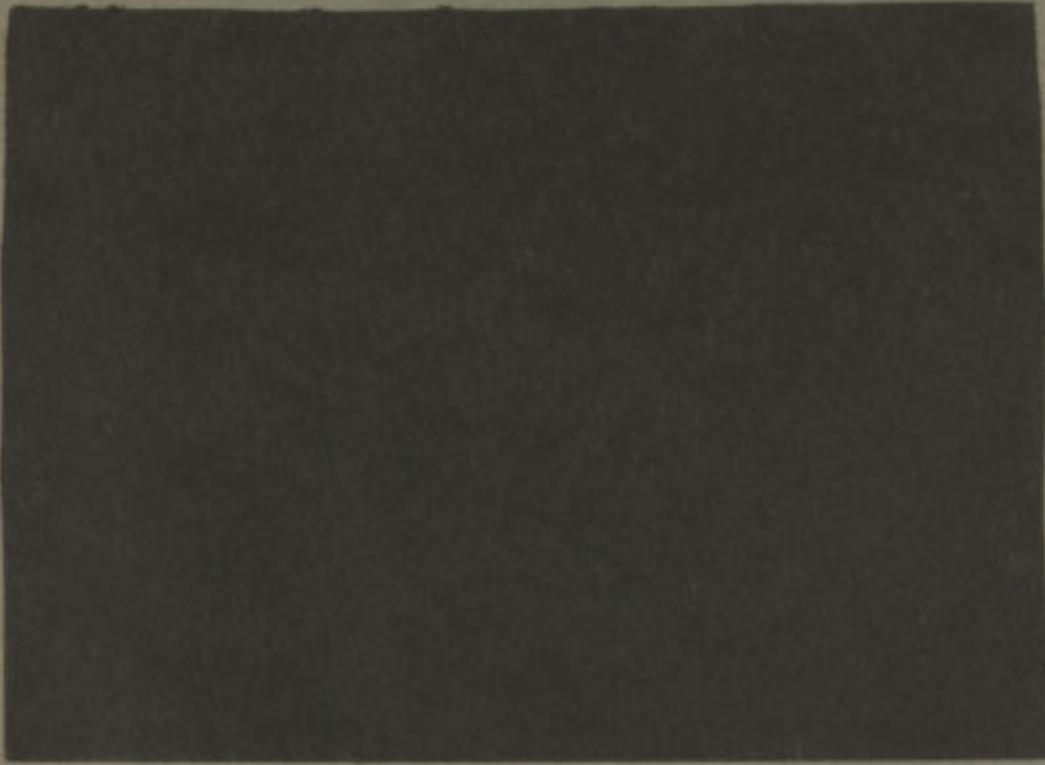
REPORTS



REGISTERED TRADEMARK

JAGGER HOUSE

1980



HOUSE PREFECTS

Marjorie Filmer
Mandy Scott
Suzanne Ackerman
Carolyn Newton
Lillian Dudley



SPORT CAPTAINS

M. Filmer — tennis
L. Dudley — netball
M. Scott — hockey
Swimming

EDITORS



Jill Breen
Luanna Shanfeld (cover)
Dot Douglas
Louise Morrissey (editor)
Susan Lanfear
Karen Visser

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND
CONFUTE, NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE
FOR GRANTED, NOR TO FIND TALK AND
DISCOURSE, BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

- FRANCIS BACON (1516-1626)

This year Jagger has once again set out to provide something a little different in the Interhouse Magazine competition. On behalf of those involved in compiling this magazine, I should like to thank all those who made it possible.

To all the Jagger girls who contributed their work, many thanks. Without your entries this Magazine could not have been imagined, let alone compiled. We hope that anyone reading this magazine will enjoy doing so.

Special thanks go to Mrs Sheila Douglas who so generously offered to type the entries. Last but not least, I should like to thank my sub-editors whose help in every capacity I appreciated greatly.

My sincere best wishes go to next year's committee and I hope that they will enjoy compiling the magazine as we have this year. I hope that Jagger will continue to strive for creativity and may the best house win !

The Editor

Louise Morrissey

HOUSE REPORT - 1980 !

Jagger House has not excelled competitively this year although towards the end of last year, the cast of the Jagger House play, under the co-direction of Carolyn Newton and myself, managed to excell theatrically above Rolt and Merriman, to gain first place. The play was "Olaf and the Ogre."

The abundance of green clothing, and the cacophony of our 84 voices bellowing support in unison at both the Interhouse swimming and hockey competitions, has, this year been quite an overwhelming experience for anyone not totally involved in school traditions. I want to thank the Std 6's and all the other new girls who have quickly caught onto the Jagger spirit and have settled down very well. Keep it going !! Unfortunately, the results for the two competitions were not quite what we wished for, but the rest of the House certainly made the teams feel that :

"It's not the winning, but the taking part, that really counts !!!"

On the sports side, we have two Western Province Junior sportswomen; Monique Biebuyck (Std 8) for swimming and Sarah Cross (Std 6) for squash. Well Done !! Jagger has some promising netball and tennis players to be proud of and we hope that in the matches still to be played, Rolt and Merriman will be suitable opposition.

Caroline Marten is at present preparing the House for the Inter-House Music Competition and we are sure she will do very well. Academically, Jagger has not done too badly and, although we still have to beat Merriman, in overall results, one member of the House, Linda Willis (Std 6) has managed to obtain the highest aggregate in the school, for each mark-reading. Kerynne French (Std 7) is also to be commended on her consistent good work. Congratulations to both.

Our termly collection of charity money still continues, and last term I was happy to send off one cheque to the African Scholar's Fund and another to School Feeding. Both charities appreciate our continual support.

Finally, I would like to thank Mrs McCormick and the other Jagger Staff Members for their support and guidance. Oh yes, a quick welcome to Jeanie Brown, a visiting APS student, who has wisely joined Jagger for her brief stay here. To Louise, Karren, Luana and Dot, thank you for the hard work and effort that has gone into producing this magazine.

Keep it up Jagger and we'll give the other Houses something to feel GREEN about !!!

With love

Suzanne Ackerman
(Head of House)

- House Prefects -

Marjorie Pilmer
Carolyn Newton
Lilian Dudley
Mandi Scott
Vici Huxter
Ann Whiting

SWIMMING REPORT

Captain : Mandi Scott

It is swimming season again and Jagger takes to the pool. Swimming, walking, wallowing or paddling from one end to the other, the Jagger spirit urges the swimmers on. A green mass of bodies and colours line half the length of the pool. Mouths are continuously open, whether singing or cheering. Laughing faces, smiling faces - this is the picture which greets the eye of the spectators, as they eagerly take their places.

Bang ! The Inter-House Swimming Gala of 1980 has begun. Good luck to all, may the best team win.

Although Jagger did not take the trophy, they put up an heroic and tremendous fight. Congratulations go especially to Monique Biebuyck, who broke several records and took home several trophies - what would we do without you, Monique?

As I have said, the team swam superbly and was a threat to Rolt from beginning to end. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all. On my behalf, I would like to thank all those hard-working hands who made the smooth running of the gala possible.

Well done, Jagger, we will win yet !!



HAPPY JAGGER FACES
AT THE SWIMMING GALA



INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY !

1. The Team
2. The Spectators

When our rehearsals for 'Love from Judy' started, I think each individual realised that a lot of hard work would be needed. However, there were some people, and there will always be this type of person, who believed that a play is a big joke and sometimes being able to get out of the 'boarding house life!' Songs that needed to be rehearsed were only for fun, and not something real.

The atmosphere at our first few rehearsals felt really awkward. All the girls sat on the right hand side of the hall, giggling and chatting, while the boys stared at us with both shock and amazement at such a bizarre collection of females. (I can remember wondering if the situation would ever settle down into a more relaxed atmosphere!)

As our director became more and more hysterical with the status quo, the cast finally began to work together. The girls began to realize that boys were also human and real, and not something to worship. Slowly the separate groups mingled together, until the last few weeks of rehearsals, when everyone was themselves. Short romances took places, which added to the fun of watching the envious one's faces!

When I think or speak of the play, the first thing that comes to mind is the fact that the question of age was something of trivial importance and yet to teenagers is usually extremely important.

We learnt how boys worked together. Nothing stopped them from talking about rugby and motorbikes! Everyone aged mentally as we realized that it was up to us as children, to behave like adults, backstage or not. The cast worked as a team and without this spirit, the show would have been a failure.

Being the youngest in a family of girls, and attending a girls' school, helped me to see a definite logic in males in general and not only from my understanding father. The fact that the boys in the play were all from good schools and universities, meant to us that they too, knew wrong from right, even though boys are supposed to be rebellious.

'Love from Judy' was an education, which I'll always remember. Being in a production means fun, hard work and learning to understand everyone's problems, including the director's !

STUNG BY THE SPLENDOR OF A SUDDEN
THOUGHT

- R. BROWNING (1812 - 1889)

SEPTEMBER

rain
falling
Dripping wet.
Rainbow colours
arching bright,
dropping
light.

A. Whiting Std. 10

TANKA

Oh
What joy
peacock's tails
eyes on feathers
fan.

A. Whiting Std 10

Die ou bedelaar lê met 'n koerant van eergister oor sy gesig en slaap. Sonopkoms is net verby en dit gaan 'n heerlike somersdag wees - nie dat dit enige verskil vir die bedelaar maak nie.

Hy word wakker met die gedreun van die motors en mense wat almal werk toe gaan. Dit sou snaaks wees om in 'n motor te ry, dink hy. Hy neem 'n ou vuurhoutjie uit sy sak uit en begin stadig daaraan te kou. Hy kyk na al die ryk mense geklee in hul mooi, skoon klere. Hy het net 'n ou jas, 'n vuil hoed, 'n gebreekte paar skoene, 'n hemp en broek. Hy het nooit gebad nie, maar soms was hy sy gesig by 'n stroompie in die park.

Soms gee mense hom kos of geld, maar daar is baie dae wanneer hy sonder kos moet klaarkom. As hy baie honger is, neem hy sy fluitjie, wat hy in die straat gevind het, en sit op die straathoek en speel daarmee. Hy sit sy hoed voor hom neer in die hoop dat iemand 'n paar sente daarin sal gooi. Baie mense dink dat hulle gelukkig is omdat hulle baie geld het, maar hy is gelukkig in sy hart en weet dat baie geld met ongeluk in 'n mens se lewe kan bring.

Sy enigste goeie vriend is sy muis, Pepsi. Hy het haar byna dood op die sy-paadjie gevind. Hy het haar gedokter en 'n bietjie van sy eie kos aan haar gegee. Stadig het sy beter geword. Snags hou hulle mekaar warm, al is Pepsi so klein.

Die straathoek is sy 'huis.' Snags speel hy met Pepsi en daarna gaan hulle saam slaap, gelukkig en tevrede met hul lewens.

Ek het hom op 'n warm dag in die somer ontmoet. Dit was so warm dat as 'n mens sonder skoene op die stofpaaie geloop het, het jy jou voete verbrand. Ek het besluit om 'n koeldrank by die klein winkeltjie te gaan koop. Dit was baie stil en koel binne-in die winkel en die klipvloer het amper sag onder my voete gevoel. Ek het vir die groen koeldrank en 'n appel betaal en buite in die helder sonskyn ingestap.

Dit was so warm dat 'n mens amper nie kon asemhaal nie. Ek het 'n lang ruk die yskoue bottel in my hand vasgehou, voordat ek begin drink het. Ek het die bottel na my lippe opgebring en my oë half toegemaak. Toe het ek hom gesien. Hy het buite die poskantoor gesit. Sy klere was baie oud, maar daar was iets trots in die manier waarop hy hulle gedra het. Sy oë was toe en sy hande het rustig in sy skoot gelê. Langs hom was sy bedelaarshoed.

Iets het my nader gelok en ek het naby hom gaan staan. Hy het sy oë oopgemaak en 'n oomblik na my gekyk. Toe het hy geglimlag. Sy hele gesig het jonger geword en daar was 'n lig in sy oë. Sy gesig het niks gevra nie, dit was net vriendelik. Hy het geglimlag omdat, alhoewel hy oud en ek jonk was, moes ons altwee weens die hitte ly. Dus was daar iets tussen ons.

Vinnig het ek langs hom gaan sit en hom my appel gegee. Hy het dit sonder 'n woord, maar met 'n groot glimlag, geneem. Ek het saam met hom gesit totdat ek my koeldrank klaar gedrink het. Ons het niks gesê nie, maar ons was sonder twyfel vriende. Ek het opgestaan en begin huis toe loop. Ek het hom nie weer gesien nie, maar ek dink nog altyd aan die ou bedelaar.

FOOTSTEPS

L. Bettison Std 8

The night was cold and the wind howled round the entrance of the cave. Outside it was snowing hard and the entrance to the cave was getting smaller. But I was too tired to care, all I wanted to do was sleep ... s-l-e-e-p..s-l-e-e-p.

A bird cried out and I awoke suddenly. I sat up and looked outside. The glare was stunning and I was blinded for a few seconds, but I got up and shook my frozen sleeping bag and stuffed my little stove, a packet of soup, and a box of matches into my rucksack. I stumbled outside and saw a lonely bird glide past and then I realized that I was lonely too.

Two days before, six of us had set out on a challenging escapade through an easier section of the Himalayan Mountains. We had struck a blizzard and I was leading the way. Suddenly I was blinded by a thicker sheet of snow and I felt myself tumbling down into a large dark tomb of ice. When I regained consciousness, I found my equipment unharmed. All I wanted to do was get away from that eerie place and so I followed the only possible escape path which eventually led me to the cave where I slept as it was dark and I was exhausted.

I decided that I just had to carry on walking, so I headed for the horizon. Later that day, after hours of walking, I came across some large footprints in the snow. I was relieved as I was certain that the prints belonged to one of the other members of my party.

I trudged wearily on, telling myself that I was nearly there, but I had to stop as my stomach groaned with hunger. I demolished the soup and went on my way, hoping I was nearly there.

In the evening, I noticed that there was only one track of footprints. My heart sank. One of them must have died, and Suddenly there was a hideous growling from behind me. I turned around. Not more than two metres away, a huge polar bear towered above me, his vicious teeth showing and his long claws stretched out. I backed away, but he kept approaching me. I threw down my rucksack and its contents tumbled out. Then suddenly I had an idea. I crawled towards the sack and grabbed the gas stove and box of matches. Then I punctured the cylinder with my fork, struck a match and lit the gas. The bear was now about one metre away from me. I hurled the tin at him and the fire flared up. He turned and ran, the stump of his tail between his legs. I flopped down, and after a few seconds, looked up to check that he had gone. And there, far away, running towards me were five little figures.

"Cape Town Radio, Cape Town Radio, Cape Town Radio. This is Zulu Sierra One Tango. I say again, this is Zulu Sierra One Tango. I have a radio telegram for you. Listen. 2182 kc/s, over."

My hand froze on the doorknob of the radio operating room as I heard the voice from inside. I checked my watch - sixteen hundred and one hours. Which meant that this was the silence period. Unless the ship was in extreme distress, no radio signals should be sent out until sixteen hundred and three hours. As far as I could tell, the ship was not sinking, and even more strange, there had been no 'Mayday' call. Furthermore, the voice inside did not sound like that of my assistant radio operator, whom I was relieving from duty. My mind in a turmoil, I debated as to whether I should go in or not. I waited to hear more of the call.

"Cape Town Radio, this is Zulu Sierra One Tango, how are you receiving me? Over."

I waited impatiently while Cape Town Radio would be replying that it was receiving well, my heart doing amazing feats of acrobatics. Then the message came.

"Cape Town Radio, this is Zulu Sierra One Tango. Radiotelegram begins 'The Orion' midnight G.M.T. in figures one three zero nine, number of words in figures six four, date in figures two three of April, time in figures one six hours, to Mobil Oil International. I have this ship under my control. The crew are being kept hostage by my men and will be killed one by one at, in figures, one five minute intervals starting at, in figures, one seven hours if you do not comply with my request. Pay ten million francs to the 'First National Bank of Switzerland' account number, in figures, five one three two zero six. Radiotelegram ends."

A gangster had taken control of the radio room! The ship had been hi-jacked while I slept. My thoughts leapt to my twelve year old son, Jamie, and my knees nearly caved in. I had left him with Doris in the radio room when I went off watch, to keep him occupied - he was an intelligent boy and could get up to dangerous mischief if left unsupervised. This stranger on the other side of the door could have done anything to Doris and Jamie to keep them quiet while he sent off his message. They might even have been killed already.

It seemed suddenly unreal and dramatic. It was all my imagination. When I opened the door I would see Doris with cigarette in one hand and book in the other, waiting for the silence period to cease, perhaps drinking one of the many cups of coffee she consumed every day. Jamie would be sitting on the floor studying a complicated electronics book, giving me a naughty smile as he saw me.

I shook myself back to reality. What I had heard had been real, not imagination. The crew were hostage; the fate of the ship rested on my shoulders; I could send a mayday signal. I ran quietly back to my cabin and dug my pistol out from the bottom of my case. I had very little idea of how to use it, but it was better than nothing. It had struck me that the man in the room would have headphones on, and so would not hear me coming in. I went back to the radio room and stood for a few minutes, gathering strength. I opened the door quietly but firmly, my hands barely able to grip because they were so damp with sweat. I crept inside and kept my pistol lined up with the back of the chair, above which a crop of black hair was just visible. I wasn't sure what to do next, but the man in the chair had sensed my presence and begun to swivel the chair round. He removed the headphones, and slowly the young but familiar face of Jamie became visible.

"Hallo, Mum. Doris just went for a cup of coffee and crumbs! Whatever are you doing with that gun?"

DIE BEDELAAR OP DIE STRAATHOEK

E. Morrissey Std 3

"Hoera!" skree almal. Dit was die skoolsluitingsklokkie. Almal het uit die klaskamer geborrel, om 'n koppie tee te gaan haal, maar ek het so gou soos moontlik na die stasie gehardloop, omdat ek per trein winkels toe moes gaan.

My ma het daardie oggend 'n hele bladsy vol inkopies vir my gegee, wat ek moes doen. Ek was besig om uit Clicks te hardloop toe ek skielik in my spore vasgesteek het. Daar, op die hoek van die straat het 'n ou man gesit met sy hoed in sy hande vasgehou. Hy het baie naer en uites gevaarlik gelyk, maar hy was 'n bedelaar en ek het dus baie jammer vir hom gevoel. Ek het na hom gehardloop en tien sent in sy hoed gesit. Hy het na my gekyk en 'n beetje geglimlag. Ek het met my inkopies aangegaan omdat dit amper halfvyf was.

Ek het die volgende dag weer daarheen gegaan en gesien dat hy 'n groot stuk lap om sy voet gehad het. Ek het hom gevra wat gebeur het, maar hy kon nie antwoord nie. Hy was doof. Daardie aand het iemand by ons ingebreek en 'n paar juwele en glase gesteel, wat besonder goed was. Die persoon het 'n venster gebreek en ook 'n glastafel. My ma was baie teleurgesteld en het vreeslik baie oor haar tafel gehuil.

Toe ek die volgende dag na Clicks gegaan het, was hy nie daar nie. Ek het gewonder waar hy was. Ek het besluit om 'n kortpaadjie huis toe te neem. Terwyl ek besig was om te stap, het ek skielik iets in die pad gesien lê. Dit was 'n man met my ma se juwele en glase in sy jas se sakke - dieselfde jas as die bedelaar, dieselfde skoene as die bedelaar, maar die bedelaar was 'n kleurling, nie 'n wit man nie, en die man het nie 'n stuk lappie om sy voet gebind nie. Ek het dadelik huistoe gehardloop en die polisie gebel.

Uiteindelik is dit vasgestel dat hy die bedelaar was, maar hy was 'n witman wat homself bruin geverf het. Hy was 'n skelem man; "Die ou bedelaar op die straathoek."

As the rain pitter-pattered against the streaming window-pane, I looked at the bluish-grey, almost luminous sky. A great tide of depression ebbed its way into my mind, seeping me along with its magnetic current. In the background, a slow, melancholy tune of "the blues" heightened the dullness of my mood.

With a total image of blue imprinted on my brain, a pastel-blue wave washed over my mind, growing darker as sleep approached and oblivion to reality had swallowed me like a whirlpool. In my sleep, I entered a world of realms; realms of blue. Each one of a different hue and each one symbolising something different.

I drifted along, in a swirling livid mist, into a deep blueness of silence and stillness. A feeling of sincerity swept through me, making me acknowledge the aura of profound piety diffused by this shade. Many artists used it lavishly to depict the truthfulness and purity of the Church. Or, when they were sunk into the depths of depression, to express the "blueness" of their mood.

Slowly, this serene realm faded into a much paler shade, surrounded by an aura of ethereality.

At first, it seemed to be pure white, but then a faint tinge of the very palest of blues became visible. I entered a cave which was completely furnished and decorated in pastel blues. The walls were padded in a silky, ice-blue fabric, and as I waded through the thick, shaggy carpet, I saw a newly-born baby boy lying beneath a large window into which a light drizzle spat. He was clad in pale blue and his large eyes - like deep pools of water - stared up at me.

As I looked out of the window at the aurora of this breaking day, I beheld a breathtaking expanse, blanketed in snow. Every branch of every tree was fringed with a bluey crust making it appear luminous. As this picture began to fade away, I felt myself drifting into the next realm.

Suddenly I was surrounded by a blue of intense brightness. Its clarity was like the reflection of a perfect day in the height of summer. All other images which had previously occupied my mind were overpowered by the profound purity of this blue. Its transparency seemed almost like that of the Caribbean.

My psyche - previously crushed by my blueness of mood and gloom - was now uplifted into new heights of happiness.

My eyes opened; all around me I still saw that wonderfully refreshing, bright blue. My cheerfulness had vanished and was replaced by that same happiness I had experienced in my sleep. The livid blue clouds that had engulfed the sky had now been swept away, and in their place had left a dazzling new day.

THE SMELL OF HOT BUTTERED TOAST

L. Bettison Std 8

It had been one of those nights when it didn't make any difference how many blankets you piled onto your bed, or if you wore thick, woolly socks or even if you took a hot waterbottle to bed with you, because it was so cold that your whole body was totally numb.

The next morning was just as bad, although I was warm then because the blankets were tucked in around my ears; my feet were warm and I was quite comfy in my snug little pit. With one eye open, I watched the gloomy looking world outside. The mountain couldn't be seen as the sky was one mass of black and grey clouds, the wind tried as hard as it could to flatten anything in sight and water gushed down the drainpipes. I felt like spending the whole day in bed, reading a good book ... but then something in the air beckoned me to get up. A fruity aroma of cooked raisins and yeast sifted down the passage and crept into my room. Then a smell of hot, rich, creamy butter filled the air and my mouth began to water and my stomach felt empty. I couldn't stand it any longer and so I threw the blankets off me and sat perching on the edge of my bed, shivering. I went through the torturing minutes of taking my nightie off and got dressed as quickly as I could into my icy school clothes. More delicious smells wafted through the air, but now I was going towards them.

This is what I had been waiting for delicious, hot buttered toast. My piece was in the toaster and I watched it slowly browning as the warm, distinctive smell rose up into my face. The crisp toast popped up and I stared at the bubbling raisins as I carried it to my plate. I sank my hot knife into the real, hard butter, and it melted slightly along the sides. Then I spread it over the warm toast, watching it melt slowly as I made scraping noises with my knife. My moment had come and I sunk my teeth into the crisp, crunchy crust. The butter squelched up through my teeth and the sweet smell wandered through my whole body. In between, I sipped at the hot, steaming coffee beside me. But it was all finished too quickly and I licked the dripping butter off my fingers. The taste and smell lingered in my mouth and I was warm inside and very content.



Inge Jønes
Stol 9

ALL COLOURS WILL AGREE IN THE
DARK

- FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

LANTERNE

Match
Glowing,
Grass crackling,
Alight, spreading.
Fire.

C. Newton

SONNET

Anger swelling in undercurrents of pain,
Ripples on the surface, threatening beneath.
Reason has become twisted seaweed, sanity is slain
By black waves of wrath, crowned with foam like a wreath.
On the serene beach of success, contentment prevails
In the vast expanse of emptiness, ignorance and futility;
Knowledge and awareness swept away by gales
Left a peaceful vacuum of satisfaction and stupidity.
Revolutionary waves in a whirlpool of revolt
Sweep across the sun-bleached sand, passion unimpeded,
Demolition and destruction, that no serenity could halt,
Leaving ruin and desolation, and for the present receded.
 Anger at its crest knows no reason or sense,
 And for all its peace of mind, a vacuum lacks defence.

C. Newton

LANTERNE

Stones
Boycott
Stayaway
Revolution
News !!!

S. Ackerman

A worm slithered across the forlorn platform, leaving a thin trail of liquid glistening for an instant in the scattered sunlight and then was baked into a crisp shell by the South-Easter. Salt River Station at four thirty on a Sunday, and I notice an old woman, four security police, laughing, a red-headed girl and a slightly intoxicated youth beside me.

A group of coloured 'Churchgoers'

"Ag ja, he gave an OK sermon, but juslaalk, he sure took his time!"

. . . dressed in pink and satin sashes, dust gathering on the fine lace trimmings and soot blackening the pink ribbon in her hair. Do you live for something? Do you think Carter has a vacillating policy in regard to Afghanistan and Iran? Or does your interest end at the removal of the 'Whites Only' sign above the beach in the cove just beyond the Cape Flats? Does it really bother you? Truly you can sit here, for there is plenty of space, no need to squash twelve of you on a bench really meant for six. Words and actions, meaningless, if you cannot allow them to sting your breath.

Black youths, smoking and kicking a football. An endless game in the dust. Laughter, floating light and airy over the tracks, a smile and a cracked face in a splintered mirror. What is at the end of the rainbow? A football? No, it is a pot of gold! What does that help if my Dad is dead and my Ma has lost her job!

"Look, move over, can't you see that this is a 'Whites Only' area!"

Sunday afternoon, I should be resting or I could be on Clifton with the 'gang.' Sun, swimming, sand, happy full bellies and "Oh, what a beautiful dress you have!" All without purpose in the face of the problems facing South Africa today. But life goes on, why should we care. Surely it is the politicians who build the future?

A torn petticoat lying on the grass... a lost virgin or a sadistic rape? The paint on the Station platform is peeling, grey, a symbol of oppression and authority, dirty, clinical. My nose prickles with dust which lines my nostrils, masking that bitter sweet smell of the Station. Alcoholic fumes tell of the events of yesterday, a shattered bottle and wide eyes show the discontent of the modern youth. I feel privileged, superior, for what do I share with these people? I have never known what is like to be hungry and cold. I have never wanted for anything, but am I grateful?

The concrete under my feet is cold, my feet look dirty with the dust which has accumulated under my toenails. A man walks past me, looking down and savouring the freshness and firmness of youth. He slouches, a curved spine from the years of stooping for others. A girl, red lipstick smudged on her teeth smiles, trying hard to attract attention to her bronzed legs. I wonder what her home is like? My eyes wander, my brain numbed by boredom yet something darts inside me, trying to understand, to fathom out and find the inner secrets of life.

Tranquillity blows over me, I'm not lonely because I'm alone. A football bounces along the platform, the security man stands up, defiant. The black youth scampers towards him, grinning foppishly but his eyes contemplating attack. The train roars in, a muddle of people. The platform clears, solitary concrete forms loom in the gathering swirling dust.

The sea of lush green rippled as the gentle summer breeze disturbed the leaves. The previous year I had walked through that same field. The birds, perched in the cool shade of the nearby trees, were singing. The sun was blazing down on my head from the clear blue sky. Nothing seemed to have changed since the year before. However, there was a difference. A great difference. Then, every single plant had been shrivelled and had a sickly green and black colour. The whole crop had been infected by the fungus *Phytophthora*. It had embedded itself in every plant, living off the lifeblood of the plant and was slowly but surely destroying it.

As I thought of the destruction caused by the fungus, the field of the previous year seemed to represent our world today, and the fungi seemed to represent man's greed for supremacy over his fellow man, contaminating the world.

In South Africa we have one type of this fungus. It is something that is slowly sucking the lifeblood of the people in this country. It has infected the whole of the land and the symptoms are clearly seen in the bitterness and fear spread amongst the people. It is thriving on the greed and selfishness in our rotting society. The greed for supreme power of one group over another group to ensure its own welfare. This fungus has a name. Apartheid.

There is another fungus found beyond South Africa's borders. Perhaps a far more dangerous one. In the east the Soviet Union has recently invaded Afghanistan and is entering Iran in order to further Russia's plans for world supremacy. This step has been treated with great resentment by most other nations, particularly America. However their feeble attempts thus far to stem the spread of this fungus, communism, can be compared to someone spraying poisonous substances on the surface of the leaves of a plant when the fungus has already spread down to the roots.

In many African nations the Soviet Union has instigated violent revolutions to overthrow the governments, and then after much bloodshed, has helped to establish a new communistic state. Communism is most certainly the fastest spreading fungus of the world and the one that has had the worst symptoms thus far.

The sun was setting, and as I began to walk off through the field. I bent down and picked one of the healthy green leaves. Last year's crop had been completely destroyed by the fungus, but this year mother nature had seen to it that a fresh new life had come forth. Do we too have a Mother Nature who will destroy the fungi and give us a fresh new world, or is it being left to us to use what we have to fight the fungus?

"Loop, man!"

Rifleman Heyneke ran. He scaled the wall, slithered under the beam, and ran a hundred meters to the dummy, piercing it with his bayonet as he dashed towards the nets. But the dummy's side was slit, and slowly the sawdust began to slide out. Slowly at first, piece by piece, sprinkling on the grass, until a little pile had formed, a little pile like the sand in the bottom of an hourglass.....

As the time went by, the sawdust pile grew bigger, like the piles of raw sugar at the Durban Mills, where Patience Mkala drove a bulldozer. For years, he had used all his power to push around the endless piles of sugar, this way and that, taking care that the pile did not collapse. And for years, the Government had been pushing him around, this way and that, provoking him, but never enough to make him collapse, never enough to cause an avalanche. But he was coming closer, the men were growing wilder, and the sawdust was steadily, slowly, sliding out onto the grass

More time passed, and the sawdust pile increased, like the pyramids of oranges and apples lying on Wagter Jacobs' stall. He gazed over the Parade, at the City Hall with its huge clock ticking on. He was twenty, and he had only passed Standard Three. His thoughts were bitter as he gazed at the laughing white school children heading for the station. A child snatched at the oranges, and slowly the pile collapsed, as Wagter's anger erupted, and the sawdust was slowly, steadily sliding onto the grass.....

The pile was now the size of a molehill, like the mountains of the gold-dumps, where Waiting-Boy Umbangeni was picking out the mountain of ore, to make a new mountain above ground. He shovelled rhythmically as the second-hand of a clock moves inexorably forward. But his brain was making progress, despite all his setbacks. His brain was moving towards the danger level, the final point before complete loss of control. Behind him, a shower of small stones slithered towards him, and still the sawdust was silently slipping onto the grass.....

The pile had grown bigger, the sawdust was now a mini-mountain, but yellow, not black, like the mountains of coal that slid along the railway, coach by coach, from the mines to the Smol plants. Happy Maile watched as the little mountains on wheels slid by, one by one, towards an unknown goal. The might and power of it awed him, he felt inadequate in the face of all this knowledge and skill. But he also felt jealousy, which grew and engulfed him, as he watched a few cool black coals slide off the final truck and clatter onto the rails. The end was drawing near, and still the sawdust slid out, onto the yellowing grass.....

The dummy was sagging; its heart had trickled out and lay in a yellow pile at its feet. The blank face, fallen forward, gazed at the growing heap. The sawdust was falling in jerks now, little groups at a time, just two or three pieces; and then one by one, the final few. The Waiting-Boys would no longer wait. The hourglass was full, the Hour of Patience was up. The sawdust stopped sliding slowly, steadily onto the dried-up grass.....

Huddled figures hide from a desperate wind, cold enough to chill even your inner soul. Dull glances reflect off the darkened pavement as eyes still clouded from lack of sleep - black commuters at five in the morning.

The soggy smell of fish and chips being fried fills the morning air. Children with chapped knees and cracked lips, yet with undaunted spirits, clamber among their elders, bunching together to keep out the cold - children of the night.

The black proletariat, black gold, are the labour force of our South African society, but how much do we really care?. Their alarm-clocks ring at four in the morning inside their shanty houses, wallpapered with the events of last year and with the smell of paraffin still lingering. Fat wives and silent babies with tired eyes, bid their men good-bye. The smoke curls up slowly in the dryness of the Free State winter sky. Iced grass crackles under their feet, as they trample towards the factories, frost clinging to their blanketed forms.

But what do they really feel when they see the beautiful houses on the hillside - Abundant food and women spending their lives in hairdressing salons and trying on clothes?

A small boy with spaniel eyes, trips on the icy pavement, blood mingles with the concrete, but he shows no pain, for he knows that others have far heavier burdens to bear. An old man stumbles along, flour bags tied around his feet to keep the cold out, his eyes shielded by a woollen sock bearing the name 'Pierre Cardin - Paris' - a memento from someone's trip abroad. Paris, the Moulon Rouge, warm loaves of bread, fur coats, a land of plenty is so far removed from this scene on a dark, misty morning in Kroonstad.

I watch from my bedroom up on the hillside, sharing their plight, feeling their bewilderment, for what have they done to deserve this privation?

A tall athletic youth, glaring, his eyes alive with hostility. He kicks a stone into a pool of water, sending out ripples, disturbing the once still and opaque pool. A black youth, challenging the laws of our white community, not submissive like his elders, is ready for violent aggression at every corner.

For this silent anger and discontent must change, and the acceptance of unjust laws which violate the very basic principles of human rights, is soon to change and this oppression will explode in the face of the very power that instituted it.

I look into his eyes, yes, they are different to his hunched body. They display a wrath able to confront any evil force. His muffled footsteps disappear into the greyish hue of the dawn, one man among many, ready to revolt.

It is like that day in Sharpeville. A peaceful crowd protesting against the pass laws, chanting for the freedom of Africa from slavery, and power to the hand of the divine majority of the continent. Women laughing and dancing around the fire in which those diabolical official documents burn - an inferno of pent-up emotions. The frightened glance of an authority, a shot is fired and all changes. This silent protest became a holocaust, black bodies spewed on the dusty ground, already mingled with the tears of a nation.

The silent anger of a nation ready to rear its ugly head. The growing discontent of a united mass, a new understanding resulting from the common bonds of captivity. A force to be contended with, it is our generation that must deal with this revolution, not our grandfathers and fathers, by whose hand the laws were made. It is the youth of today who must deal with this silent anger.

"Third Class single to Grawford, please. Thank you." This was the first time that I would be travelling alone in a third class compartment, and at that time too. I had lost my purse, but had fortunately had the good sense to keep a twenty cent piece in my pencil case. With this I had managed to purchase my ticket, and with it securely locked in my hand, I walked onto Pinelands Station to await the train.

Tired people with long, tired faces and lifeless bodies, stood propped up against the wall, looking jealously at the only bench, groaning under its load of fat old ladies clad in bright reds and blacks. The dull suspended silence was broken only by their cheerful bubbling and rich ringing laughter which echoed through the evening air as their huge chests heaved up and down. A drunk man, his ragged trousers balanced nervously on his thighs, lolled idiotically against a pole, and spluttered and cursed insensibly to himself. Factory girls and men in the latest fashions, stood around in bored, uninteresting groups.

Suddenly, all the marble statues came to life as the train rumbled into the station. I was caught up in the converging crowd and got carried towards the door and into the already overcrowded carriage. I managed to squeeze past the listless, swaying corpses and found myself a space in which I propped myself up, like everyone else. As the shrill whistle blew, the train pulled out with it's new load, like an asthmatic struggling to draw breath. Through the swirls of smoke I could see more fat, old ladies who, recognising their cue, started chatting enthusiastically once more. The sour stench of a drunk next to me suffocated the smell of smoke.

I turned from this dismal scene and looked out the window at the passing factories, vacated and lifeless. Their lifeblood was being carried home in that train. Suddenly it dawned on me that there were no factories in the direction in which I was supposed to go; only housing estates. I had boarded the wrong train. Panic-stricken, I looked wildly around. I desperately tried to divulge information as to the destination of the train, from a brightly painted face, and learnt that I was in fact Bellville bound. As a station flew by, she explained that the next stop would be Langa station. Langa Station? I might as well have been flying to the Andes for all I knew about Langa Station!

The train groaned into the station like a beast of burden. I forced my way through the human barrier at the door and was once again swept off my feet towards the platform gates. There were so many, many people. I was overwhelmed. People spilled out of the trains on the various platforms and swarmed towards the exit gates - cold, prison-bar structures guarded by two ticket collectors. Behind the narrow metal gate, steps led down into a massive dark, dank subway into which commuters from the platforms converged. Everything was miserable and grey - the asphalt train lines, the huge zinc and asbestos canopy over the station, the cemented platforms strewn with what looked like the previous month's litter, and the hundreds upon hundreds of people. Of all the dingy holes I had ever been in, this was the most depressing.

One of the ticket collectors soon noticed me, came up to me and advised me to wait for the next train back in forty-five minutes time. I sat down on my satchel and resolved to wait. I watched the trains arrive, offload their lot, and leave again as another and another repeated this procedure. "Their lot", the masses, people who do not really matter in South Africa. Citizens of South Africa, each as much an individual as any one else, reduced to being the masses. They kept on arriving, and I just sat and watched.

From the station I could see the township. Little red and grey toy boxes, with windows and doors cut into them, pretending to be houses; homes. Contempt for the elegant Bishops court housewife, in her humble little palace and who, when she drives her little daahlings to school every morning in her Cadillac, gives them fifty cents for the school charity because she feels, "Oh, so sorry for the poor, underprivileged masses." As these thoughts crossed my mind, I felt ashamed

/ felt ashamed

THE WRONG DIRECTION - continued

of myself and humanity - that in South Africa we live with this and yet are thoroughly convinced that, "We are really doing a great deal for the under-privileged."

Another train drew up at the platform and the ticket-collector signalled to me. I quickly gathered myself together and jumped on board. As the train pulled out, the ticket collector waved, and I waved back. I waved goodbye, not to him, but to the complacency in doing something that I had shared with so many for so long. I had turned from the wrong direction, and was starting out on a new journey.

A DESCRIPTION OF MR VARNEOT

Vanessa Clark ~~Sid~~ S

Mr Varneot walked slowly down the dark alley alone. His collar was pulled up tightly around his neck and his brown, tattered coat pulled around him. Auburn hair was blown about from the unruly mop that was his. His eyes were a hazy blue and seemed to say "I need a friend." He had thin, red lips which could barely be seen from under a bush of beard around his chin. His face was full of wrinkles and lines. Cheek bones stood out; no flesh hid the skeleton.

A hand peeked to pull the coat closer to the frail body. The hand shook and the skin hung. Veins, blue, stuck out like a cat inbetween two dogs. His nails were full of dirt and his hand was black as coal. Brown trousers clung to his long, thin legs and the boots did not seem to fit the thin body as they were big and clumsy. His bony hand then crept back into the torn pocket. His weak legs trudged on down the endless alley. They curled up beneath him and his thin lips mumbled a word. The frail man, Mr Varneot, whom no-one cared about, died out there in the ~~dark~~ mysterious alley,

Alone.

WORDS OF TRUTH AND SOBERNESS

- BIBLE



C. R. Deant
3rd 9

The Financial Equilibrium on the Earth had been disturbed by the severe economic difficulties in the Soviet Union. The Soviets, essentially traders in politics and in business, were an indispensable link in the trade between the super-powers. If one link broke, disaster would strike the monetary system of the world. Consequently the United States had to eliminate the problem.

The towering waves crashed against the indestructible tanker, 'Sea Flower', the white crests sweeping away all traces of humanity. It was on a day like this, when the sun scarcely warmed the icy deck that Justin noticed that the bicycle was missing. It was always attached to two pegs unless he had ordered the starboard or portside tanks to be checked. Puzzled, he descended to investigate, and in that quiet gloom he realised the risk that his suspicions were taking.

"Justin get off that deck, you'll slip off" shouted Captain Solo in his loud military tone.

"Look, Captain, there's something fishy going on around here. I can't find the bike."

"Come on, to hell with the bike, the Snooker Competition is starting in ten minutes. You're bound to win so get there on time," the Captain's voice showed some heartiness, a tone he hardly ever allowed into his voice, he was a confirmed stoic.

The entire crew congregated in the mess under a thickening cloud of smoke. Any sensitive soul would not stand this stench of sweaty alcoholic bodies, but for the hardy seamen it was trifling in the enormity of their situation.

The intercom crackled, "Sir, sir, we have lost all radio contact," the radio controller's voice verged on a hysterical note. There was a thud and a deep and hollow voice echoed over the intercom...

"Don't move, people, if you co-operate nothing will happen. Be passive men and just get it together!"

A shadow of doubt passed over Justin, the Chief Engineer's face. "What in devil's name was this 'clot up to?" thought Justin. Marten, his no. two, was always quiet and withdrawn, he just could not grasp or comprehend this mysterious situation.

The ghostly voice continued, "You're locked in the mess. You'll last a few days on the oxygen, you have. Don't panic, you'll only use more! I have complete control over this vessel." He continued in a halting manner, pausing occasionally to accentuate a point.... "so I asked myself- 'why did a crack P.B.I. guy sign up to have a joy ride on a super tanker! Before we sailed I checked, there was no oil in the hull unusual, instead the tanks contained 700 billion dollars of gold... this is a hijack! I can now dictate to the world."

They were locked in a tomb. The 'Sea Flower' continued its funeral procession whilst the stock exchanges of the world traded furiously. Speculation continued as the rouble dropped in value when would the gold arrive.

It was a satellite that picked up the explosion in Antarctic wastes and eventually brought the attention of the world to this incident. Newspapermen rushed to the scene only to be confronted by Russian and American troops. Divers salvaged the gold, financiers bolstered the Soviet economy. What of the people in the tanker? What do they matter, they are only ants crawling around, hostages of the super-powers in their own supertankers. A hijack quickly settled by a bomb, perhaps we should never listen to usurpers even if we do lose lives. It is only by Captain Solo's log book that we can learn of the human drama - you'll feel sorry today but surely not tomorrow!

SILENT DEATH

Inge Jones Sda

I lie strapped to the cold hard table,
my paws stretched out before and behind me,
The steel rods and straps that imprison me,
hold me down so that I cannot get free.
My jaws parted and stretched wide open,
held by steel vices so that I cannot utter a sound,
He stands like a judge about to pass a sentence
Yet, it is a sentence.
A sentence of long unimaginable pain, that I have to endure.
What have I ever done to deserve it?
Will I ever run free and wild again - unscarred,
with no knowledge of the evils of man?

The knife : like that of a butcher, long, thin and sharp.
He comes towards me.
My eyes grow wide with fear,
but I cannot utter a sound of protest.
With slow methodical precision,
He starts to cut off my hind paws.
Pain shoots through my body like electric shocks.
I cannot howl for my jaws are fastened.
Neither can I move to run away for I am a prisoner.
What right has he to take away my life?
To inflict on me the most unbearable pain.
All for his knowledge
the knowledge of my reaction to his action.

My blood flows freely like a river in flood,
over the cold hard table,
He stands in his bloodstained coat,
the knife gleaming in his hand.
Has he finished? I do not know.

He is smiling as he comes towards me,
Is there hope?
Do I have some small chance?
Then still smiling, he plunges the knife deep into my heart.

My death is as silent as my torture before,
But only my terror stricken eyes,
now like glassy marbles
Tell the true tale of what I really feel.

The sun rose. It was a beautiful day and the quiet town was just awakening. Everything was peaceful as the spiders tapped the last dewdrops off their webs. The first birds started to chirp merrily and soon there was a chorus of song that filled the early morning air. It was the last time that the people of that town would be at peace and rest.

Cars and people started to bustle about noisily as everyone started to do their own monotonous routines. They had jobs or were at school - everyone worked busily, although not always interested. To them it was just another ordinary day, but they were very wrong.

Eventually the hottest part of the day was over. Factories were starting to close and the streets were filled with traffic. Children had begun to go inside, tired after palying with their friends. People were looking forward to their comfortable homes and the peace and quiet of the night. Everyone was glad that the day was coming to an end; little did most of them know that it would be their end too.

It was 5.30p.m. This peaceful town was Hiroshima, in Japan. The atom bomb torpedoed down, down, down, eager to destroy the innocent town it was descending upon. It exploded, ripping up the earth, and greedily ate everything in its path. The whole population of Hiroshima was caught unaware and stood gaping, unbelieving, at the enormous, billowing mushroom cloud that started to form. Radio-active fall-out enveloped them as they started to run, trying to escape their terrible fate, but all in vain. People screamed in horror and anguish as their bodies twisted into unnatural and deformed shapes. The dead and the dying lay strewn across the ground, still uncomprehending what had happened. Never before had there been such a terrible disaster caused by such a small thing.

The sun set behind the eerie smoldering ruins of the stricken town. Nature completed her cycle as usual as if nothing had happening. No birds joyfully filled the air with their song. Instead all that could be heard was the weeping and moaning of the dying.

PRELUDES

Margi Orford Std 8

The awakened sun kisses the clouds and paints the early morning dew. The grass is strewn with priceless water droplets. The peace and eternal beginningness of sunrise holds the world in a few precious moments of breathless suspense. A shiny starling alights on a branch and heralds the timeless beauty of life and morning. A gem glistens in his eye and the wealth of nature is embodied in his pure, crystal notes.

Then the cars and buses and trains awake; the people awake; the tramp stirs from beneath the buses. The starling looks startled then flies away to attend to the day's eruption of noise. After a moment's regret of the organised rupture of tranquility, I too turn away, forget the peace and enter the world. Devoid of stillness and filled with vigour, I wait for the twilight calm which announces the evening.

It has come at last. Quiet once again reigns, and a silencing finger is placed over the world's lips. The shimmering sky, aflame with life and fire, quickens the pulse and warms the blue distance to yellow. A gentle hand cradles my brow as I watch a cheddar-cheese moon swing up over a hazy horizon. A poignant feeling of combined tragedy and joy takes hold of my spirit.

It is these solitary preludes which enable me to face the painful action of living: The ultimate prelude which ushers us to death; an unexpected curtain on a one act play

AFRICA - THE HOME OF MY BIRTH

D. Dixon Std 8

You greeted me with smiles,
amidst trouble that waters
can not wash away.
Africa - Black Africa.
Land of Marble orchards,
Standing amongst bent trees
and forgotten memories:
Memories that stood aside for the
Eternal destruction of human love.
Break free, Black man.
Break away from your suffering.
Africa will watch over you.

Mutter, glaubst Du die Bomben werden fallen?
Mutter, denkst Du das Lied wird innen gefallen?
Mutter, glaubst Du sie werden versuchen mich zu brechen?
Mutter, soll ich jetzt die Mauer bauen?

Mutter, soll ich mich zur Präsidentenwahl stellen
Oder soll ich dem Staat vertrauen?
Meinst Du sie werden mich auf die Linie schieben?
Mutter, sterbe ich wirklich?

Leise kleiner, weine nicht
Mutter wird all deine Alpträume verwirklichen
Und all ihre Schuld ihrem kleinen Kuschelkind.
Dich unter ihren Flügel nehmen
Du darfst nicht fliegen, doch irrellektuell darfst Du singen
Mutter wird Dich warmhalten
sie wird helfen die Mauer zu bauen.

Leise Junge, kleines weine nicht
Mutter wird Dir ein gutes Mädchen aussuchen
Und niemand schlechtes zu Dir lassen
Jeden Abend wird sie auf Dich warten bis Du nach Hause kommst
Sie wird immer erfahren wo Du warst, pass auf.
Mutter wird Dich gut und fromm erhalten
Du wirst immer mein kleiner bleiben.

Mutter, musste die Mauer so hoch sein?

!
Krieg
Bomben
die fallen
nur Zerstörung
wo man auch hinschaut.
Dann fragt man sich
Hat es Sinn
und wenn
wo
?

War : is just bombs and destruction everywhere.
One asks oneself where is the sense of it.

Dit is weer môre. Ek wens ek kan aanhou met slaap. Ek wil nooit weer wakker word nie. Dit is skaars sesuur ek moet nou hier lê en probeer aan aangename dinge dink. Flekke wat ek besoek het, toe hulle, ek hoor die stem van Ouma, maar dit is ver weg. "Jy moenie daaraan dink nie Sarah, jy sal jouself net weer treurig maak. Hulle is dood, niemand kon dit verander het nie, jy moet dit aanvaar."

Die voëltjies sing buite. Hulle sing so vrolik. Dit moet heerlik wees om sonder enige bekommernisse te lewe. Hulle dink nie eers aan treurige gevalle nie, hulle sing net. Ek wonder of dit sal help. Ek moet dit eendag probeer. Ek voel lus om nou te sing, maar ek kan nie. Daar is so baie kinders hier. Hulle slaap rustig. Ek moet altyd versigtig wees. Ek moet nooit iemand seermaak nie. Ek moet en ek moet nie. Ek word soms so vies dat ek almal wil slaan, maar in hierdie plek is daar niemand met wie ek lekker kan praat nie en ek moet al my gevoelens onderdruk.

As dit sewe-uur is, sal die matrone ons kom wakker maak. Ek sal moet opstaan, my vervelige rok aantrek, dieselfde skoene aantrek en dan sal ek ontbyt met al hierdie ander kinders gaan eet. Toe hulle nog gelewe het, het ons om halfagt opgestaan. Mammie het 'n heerlike ontbyt vir ons voorberei. Pappie het werk toe gegaan. Soms, as ek soet was, kon ek saamry. Toe het die skool begin en ek het die eerste dag terdeë geniet. Die skool was wonderlik gewees. Ek wonder of Felicity en Jane ooit aan my dink. Seker nie, maar 'n mens kan mos hoop, nie waar nie?

Iemand slaap nou onrustig. Dis Francie. Sy het nooit haar ouers geken nie. Hulle is deur terroriste geskiet toe sy net drie maande oud was. Iets het my net getref ... as ek ook nie my ouers geken het nie, sou ek gelukkiger of treuriger wees? Ek dink ek sou treuriger wees. Ek moet bly wees dat ek 'n paar wonderlike jare met Mammie en Pappie gehad het. Arme Francie, dit moet naer wees om nooit iemand lief te hê nie.

Dit is nou amper sewe-uur. Francie is nou wakker. Sy glimlag vir my. Skielik is dit 'n heerlike dag. Ek weet dat ek van nou af my lewe gaan geniet. Ouma kom vir my vandag besoek. Ek moet Francie haar laat ontmoet. Ouma bring altyd vir my lekkers - ek sal hulle met Francie deel. Alhoewel Mammie en Pappie dood is, moet ek dankbaar wees. Ai! Ek voel nou so lekker. Daar kom die matrone aan. Dit is 'n heerlike, ja 'n besonder heerlike dag. Dankie Almal.

Daar is net een ding in my lewe waarvoor ek baie dankbaar is - dit is dat ek 'n kort tydjie saam met my moeder en vader gehad het en dat ek hulle goed geken het.

Ek was saar net tien jaar oud toe ons met vakansie gegaan het, Daar was 'n verskriklike motorongeluk waarin ek net beseer is, maar my ouers gesterf het. Ek het nie broers of susters nie; anders sou dit 'n groot verskil gemaak het. My tante, & het net een gehad, het vroeër in die jaar gesterwe.

Een more het 'n jong vrou van die Weeshuis gekom. Ek het probeer om haar te wys dat ek vir myself kon sorg, maar sy wou my nie glo nie. Toe het sy my van die hond en my huis af weggeneem. Sy het gesê dat ek net twee dinge kon saamvat - ek het 'n foto van my pa en ma en 'n kombers wat my ma vir my gemaak het, saamgeneem.

Die eersteding wat die huismoeder gedoen het, was om my kombers weg te neem. Ek het my foto weggesteek; anders sou sy dit ook gevat het. Al die ander kinders het gestaan en kyk en hulle het baie geskrik toe hulle my gesien het. Ek het vergeet om jou tevore van my beseerings wat ek in die ongeluk opgedoen het, te vertel. My gesig en lyf is baie deur die glas gesny en nou lyk ek virskriklik. Terwyl ek in die straat gelê het, het 'n motor oor een van my hande gery. Dit lyk nie mooi nie.

Ek voel so alleenig. Niemand wil met my maats maak nie, omdat ek so sleg lyk. As ek met die jonges praat, begin hulle huil en die ouer kinders antwoord my nie. Die huismoeder sê altyd dat God my sal straf omdat ek niks doen om te help nie. Sy wonder hoekom hulle my in die weeshuis hou.

Elke nag haal ek die foto uit en die vrae wat altyd in my hart is, vra ek net een keer weer. Hoekom kan die lewe so ongelukkig wees? Waarom het hulle van my af weggegaan? Is daar iemand so alleen en eensaam in die wêreld as ek wat 'n vriendin wil hê?

Een Saterdagoggend her ek op die sypaadjie gestaan en ryloop. Daar was 'n snerpende wind wat deur murg en been gedring het. Ek het gewag vir 'n vriendelike motoris om my op te laai. Ek het 'n breë, blou motor sien aankom en die bestuurder was 'n vrou met baie juwele. Ek het ingeklim en daar was 'n reuk van duur parfum. Toe ons op die openbare pad was, het sy gesien dat sy nie baie brandstof het nie. Ons het by 'n klein dorpie stilgehou en sy het die groot motor volge maak. Toe die man haar die geld gevra het, het sy gesê dat ek sou betaal! Deur skade en skande word 'n mens wys.

My ouers het nie geweet dat ek geryloop het nie en ek het hulle nooit vertel nie. Een aand toe hulle uit was, het ek na 'n partytjie gegaan, maar toe ek wou terugkom, kon niemand my huis toe neem nie. Ek het begin ryloop en 'n man met 'n kaalkop en 'n sigaret tussen sy lippe, het stilgehou. Hy het gesê dat ek gou moes inklim, want hy was haastig. Angswee het op my voorkop uitgestaan toe ek gesien het dat ons vinniger as eenhonderd-en-vyftig kilometer per uur ry. Ek het 'n oorverdowende geluid gehoor. Die band het gebars. Ons het heen en weer oor die pad gery en teen 'n ander motor gebots.

Ek het niks meer geweet nie. Toe ek my bewussyn herwin het, was ek in die hospitaal, waar ek drie weke moes bly. My ouers was daar en toe ek hulle vertel wat gebeur het, was hulle baie teleurgesteld. My pa was kwaad en my ma het gehuil. Ek het baie skaam gevoel. Ek sal nooit weer ryloop nie. Deur skade en skande word 'n mens wys.

A menacing hand grabbed my unsuspecting shoulder. Another hand clamped over my gaping mouth and I was pulled bodily into a stinking little alley. CRUNCH !

I subsided gracefully into a heap of garbage.

When I regained consciousness, I was aware of a strange lack of solidarity. I put it down to my injured head, but then became gradually more aware of a slight rocking movement. 'This is probably Heaven,' was my first thought. I then realised I was looking up into the muzzle of a rifle. Beyond the rifle was a woman. God did not have guns and he wasn't a woman. No, this wasn't heaven. In fact the ensuing hours were to prove exactly the opposite.

I was yanked to my feet; a guttural voice seemed to issue endless orders. I eventually became aware of the fact that if I did not obey, my daughter's life would be forfeited. I was to carry out my sole duty faultlessly. 'They' seemed to think that was why I had been born. At the end I began to think so too.

My endless ordeal began the minute I stepped from the enormous storeroom in which, (to my mind), some thirty of the hardest women in existence were seated. They had no morals, no love except for their 'cause.' I approached the Captain's cabin. He was filling in the ship's log. Terror filmed my eyes, changing him from rather a solid, florid man to a blurred ectoplasm. I couldn't hate him, but then I thought of little Kate and I had to. The ectoplasm gurgled and died as the bullet hit it. I was sick on the floor. Then I ran to the storeroom and tapped seven times on the door. They exploded onto the empty deck. "Where's Kate?" I cried.

A stubby finger jabbed upwards, followed by a hate-filled laugh. I looked up. There she was like a tiny sentinel, only she was impaled on a pole, about thirty feet above the bridge. I screamed.

The one I had thought was God found me sobbing. She laughed at me and went about her business of death. Soon they had control of the terrified crew. They were executed and then the thirty tigresses committed suicide. I cried through the night. When morning came, I wandered through the bodies, marvelling at the carnage. Then I came to 'God' as I had christened her. I picked up her gun and that was how the military police found me. They concluded the obvious.

I stood trial and laughed when they convicted me of murder. Me murder my own child for "Women's Rights" as those maniacs had expressed in their final message. I laughed until prison turned my grey laughter into grey hate.

I sat in a dark, stuffy cupboard, chewing a splintered matchstick. I was stiff from sitting in an awkward position for such a long time and had unfortunately stubbed out my last cigarette. Agitated that I had ever got myself into the whole business of hi-jacking the super tanker, "The Horizon," I nervously looked at my watch, waiting for the moment of attack.

My twin brother had come to me one night, confused and frightened. When I asked him what was troubling him - something which I now regret doing - he poured out the whole story of being involved in this hi-jacking and he told me that he just could not go through with it anymore. He said that if he pulled out he would be in serious trouble with the rest of the gang. He was in such a state of panic and pleaded with me so persuasively, that I finally gave in, agreeing to take his place.

The super tanker sailed on through the night, the crew unaware of what was about to happen. I shifted in my position and checked my watch again. It was 9.45p.m. and the plan was to be set into motion at 10p.m. I pushed the door of the cupboard open and glanced around, my eyes used to the dark by now. My role in the hi-jacking was to knock the guy at the steering, on the bridge, unconscious. Everything was dark except for the lights on the bridge. Vaguely I saw the skipper, relaxing in a chair, smoking a cigar. A radio was blaring and he was thoroughly engrossed in a pornographic magazine, not in the least concerned about steering the tanker, which made my task easier for me.

The "Horizon" had set out from Saudi Arabia, filled with oil to be exported to the U.S.A. The gang of hi-jackers were also Argentinians but were a rough, ruthless bunch. They had set out to hi-jack the super tanker and then would secretly sail it to Buenos Aires.

I crept stealthily towards the bridge, hidden by the shadows. I glanced at my watch again - it was 9.58p.m. Slowly I climbed the ladder leading up to the bridge. I waited.

It was 10p.m! I started to move forward with a baton tightly gripped in my hand. Suddenly the skipper turned around towards the radio to change it to another station. I slunk back into the shadows and cursed my luck. I waited nervously till he had settled down once more. Then I crept up behind him and hit him hard on the back of his bald head. It lolled back

and he

It lolled back/continued

and he slumped to the floor, unconscious. I felt I was going to be sick, so I sat down in the chair to steady myself. Suddenly it dawned on me - who would steer the tanker now? I relaxed, reassuring myself that everything was well organised.

I was thrown forward, striking my head against the controlboard. I lay stunned for a moment, unaware of what had happened. Then I realised ; we had hit a rock! It was the worst thing that could ever have happened during an operation such as this. I started to weep softly, knowing that this was the end; the whole plan had misfired!

I woke up, suddenly, and sat up in my bed. The day of the hi-jacking had eventually drawn to a close. I had had a nightmare about it - a nightmare which was only beginning !

DAAR IS MAAR MIN TYD OOR

Inge Jones Sda 9

Daar is maar min tyd oor, hulle sou hom vang en dan sou hy vir sy misdade moes betaal.

Hy het in sy klein, vuil kamertjie gestaan en wag totdat dit donker word. Hy het nooit gedurende die dag buitentoe gegaan nie, omdat al die vrouens vir hom gelag het omdat hy so klein en lelik was. Hy was eintlik baie sterk en dit was hoekom die nagmotte wat hy vermoor het, nie 'n kans gehad het nie. Hy het hulle gehaat, hulle almal. Dit was ook so maklik om hulle na hom te lok om dood te maak, omdat hulle nie omgee het hoe hy gelyk het nie, hulle wou net geld maak.

Hy het buitentoe gesluip. Op die hoek het 'n nagmot gestaan en wag vir iemand wat haar dienste wou hê. Hy het haar van agter af gegryp, in die donker bos ingesleep en toe begin om haar te martel.

Toe hy klaar was, het sy nie meer soos 'n mens gelyk nie, maar soos 'n groot stuk rooi vleis. Sy hande en klere was met bloed besmeer, maar hy het daarvan gehou. Hy het opgewonde geraak toe hy die bloed, wat soos rooi strome gehardloop het, sien. Hy het amper mal geraak en die vrou gekap en gesny met sy lang mes.

Uiteindelik was dit klaar en hy het van haar bloed in 'n botteltjie gesit om 'n tergende brief aan die polisie te skryf. Hulle was so simpel, hy het aanhoudend vir hulle leidrade gegee, maar hulle het hom nooit gevang nie. Hy het van sy speletjie gehou en het al twintig nagmotte doodgemaak.

Daar was maar min tyd oor, omdat geen speletjie vir ewig aanhou nie.

VIOLIN FOR SALE

Suzy Muir *Stda*

The little girl stopped in the street and looked up at the yellow piece of cardboard that had the words "Violin for Sale," printed in heavy black ink on it. The girl smiled, a smile of delighted expectancy. She stood for a while letting the last warmth of the afternoon sun run down her neck and shoulder, and then with a last look at the sign, continued along the road, dragging her satchel behind her. This was the scene every afternoon, when Liza returned home from school. It was her dream, and had been ever since she had seen the sign in the old back-street shop, to own her own precious violin.

That evening Liza raced up the flat stairs, through the kitchen, past her surprised mother, into her bedroom, where she began scrabbling in the corner of her closet. She emerged holding up an old coffee tin which she emptied on to the bed and eagerly began sorting the contents. Dimes, cents, occasionally a lucky quarter. They were stacked in heaps amongst the worn out counterpane. Her mother entered the room smiling and bent over her shoulder and whispered into her ear.

"You won't have enough yet, darling. You didn't, two days ago."

"I will, I must, Mr Larry's lowered the price, it said so on his windows; it said he was lowering it to ten dollars!"

"Oh, that's good news. Do you have enough then?"

Liza's fingers sped over the piles, calculating their vast amount, her fingers slowed and dropped.

"No, no, I don't. I just thought, maybe it is nearly enough, just two dollars more, just two dollars."

Mrs Nolan nodded and patted her shoulder comforting her. She wished she could just pull the extra money from her purse, but she couldn't. They needed the little they had for food tomorrow. They were poor, but they managed on Tony's wages, combined with hers. Tony was her son, only just sixteen and already out working. He had never been good at school and was earning money as a singing waiter. Liza was the academic minded person. She worked out the bills for them and did all the other calculations they needed. She went to the government school where they taught her, like the other children, in a careless, offhand manner. It was only her brains that kept her from sinking to the illiterate inarticulate standards of the other children. One teacher who had been horrified by the standards, was fighting to keep Liza and a few others educated. It was she who had taught Liza to play the violin, and now Liza was addicted. She saved all her birthday money, chore money and other money she might be given. Liza said slowly and thoughtfully, breaking her mother's thoughts, "Do you think he will let me pay eight dollars if I work off the rest, sweeping his yard?"

"He might," her mother replied uncommittedly.

Liza swept the money into the tin and rushed down to the shops. When she reached Mr Larry's shop, she stood still breathing hard as she read the sign

Violin for Sale - (Continued)

again. Then, gulping, she went in. He said yes. He said yes'. She could not believe it. She watched him unstick the sign and pull it off the window. He picked up the polished violin and passed it to her. It slipped into her arms as if it knew it belonged. Handing over the money, she stepped out into the street cradling the violin. She walked in a dream.

The truck driver hardly saw her, poor mite, but as his eye caught her movement, he braked but was not quick enough. The violin skidded to the opposite curb.

The sign is back in the window now. Tony took the violin back; his mother did not want to see it. It is in the same place and it still says in the same black print, "Violin for Sale."

THE CHEWING GUM MATINEE

C. Newton ~~St~~ 10

After half an hour we are almost at the front of the queue. The five boys in front of us, all dressed in black, sleeveless shirts and denim jeans, and all furiously chewing gum, are still arguing as to whether the 'chick' they met yesterday was called Hilda or Martha. The young couple behind us have progressed from Jan's marriage to Mona's divorce. At last the five boys are at the ticket office, and they spend five minutes settling their finances. At last they buy their tickets and go inside. The woman behind the glass stares vacantly at us as we give her the money, and hands us the tickets and the change without a word.

"You have'nt given me enough change," I say, showing her how much she has given me.

Suddenly she comes to life, and through a mouthful of chewing gum, protests and argues, until defeated, she gives us the right change and relapses into a vacant stare. The only sign that she is still living is the mechanical rotating of her jaw.

Inside, all fresh air has long since been vanquished and taken refuge outside. The stale smell of smoke envelopes us, in harmony with the stale smell of people. The original colour of the carpet is almost invisible under the burnt cigarette holes and squashed, abandoned gum.

"Tickets please," says the lady at the door, blowing an uninterested bubble.

She tears our tickets and we go into the auditorium.

"Tickets please," says the usherette, unwrapping a used piece of gum and putting it in her mouth. She shows us to our seats, shining the torch in everyone else's eyes, but carefully avoiding our feet. She indicates vaguely with her torch where the seats are and leaves us to stumble over legs and shoes and empty packets until, exhausted, we sit down in our places.

... / The film

/ in our places.

The Chewing Gum Matinée

The film is "The Deerhunter," an anguished protest against the futility of war. During one of its most poignant moments, I am trying to keep back my tears, while around me all that can be heard are stifled giggles and the occasional popping of bubble gum.

We come out afterwards, emotionally drained. Outside the five boys from the queue are standing on the steps. One of them takes a wad from his cheek, inspects it, and says, "I swear her name is Hilda, man - she told me herself!" as he flicks his gum casually into the gutter.



Lindy de Waal
Stol. 7.

Why is it that, while fully recognising the moral wrongness of Heathcliff's actions, we never completely lose sympathy with him?

Heathcliff is first introduced to us, by Nelly Dean as "a dirty, ragged, black-haired child." We realize that he, although old enough, was hardly able to either walk or talk. Immediately we started sympathising with him. Cathy and Hindley both rejected this infant at first and neither of the two would have him in bed with them or even in their room. Later on in the novel, Cathy and Heathcliff became very good friends and Hindley was the one left out. Nelly interpreted Heathcliff as, "a sullen, patient child, hardened to ill treatment. He stood Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and Cathy's pinches moved him to draw in a breath and open his eyes as if he had accidentally hurt himself."

When Mr. Earnshaw died, we realize that he might have been the only man Heathcliff really got to know and love. He treated Mr Earnshaw as a father, and the night of his death, Heathcliff set up a heart-breaking cry.

Hindley returned as Master to Wuthering Heights and because he hated Heathcliff, he intended to make life as hard as possible for him. He drove him from the company of he and his wife, Frances, to that of the servants. Hindley also deprived Heathcliff of the instructions of the curate and made him labour outdoors instead. Joseph, on the instructions of Hindley, flogged Heathcliff repeatedly.

One evening, after rambling on the moors with Cathy, Heathcliff returned without her. He told Nelly that she was at Thrushcross Grange, after having been bitten by the Linton's dog. We are shown that Heathcliff was regarded by the Lintons as a wicked gypsy and a castaway. He was ordered to leave Thrushcross Grange without Cathy, who should remain there until her ankle had healed.

Hindley was furious when he heard Heathcliff's tale, telling Heathcliff that the first word he should speak to Cathy shall endure dismissal.

When Cathy returned after five weeks at the Grange, she was much changed in appearance, but not really in personality. She teased Heathcliff and laughed, remarking how dirty he was. Heathcliff was taken aback, seeing his good friend, with whom he was used to rambling in the moors, so much of a lady. He took offence and would not even shake hands with Cathy, saying that he would not stand to be laughed at. We are shown here how ignorant Heathcliff is and we are sorry for him as he is uneducated, wild, and unruly and Cathy has returned from the Linton household very much more refined.

When introduced to Edgar Linton, whose company Cathy tends to seek more frequently, we think of him as a rather feminine figure, compared to the masculine Heathcliff. Although Heathcliff is not very good looking and not at all wealthy, we feel sorry for him, as he is in a hopeless situation. Cathy is attracted to Edgar because of his good looks and also because of his wealth. She does not love Edgar, but, as she confides to Nelly later on in the novel, "I am Heathcliff."

Heathcliff marked off on a calendar the times Cathy spent with Edgar and the time she spent with him. Because of her spending too much time with Edgar, he showed it to her.

Cathy retorted, "And should I always be sitting with you? What good do I get? What do you talk about? You might be dumb, or a baby, for anything you say to amuse me, or for anything you do either!" Heathcliff is hurt by this, and we are sympathetic

for him because he is so ignorant.

One night, when Cathy was talking confidentially to Nelly, Heathcliff crept in and happened to hear half of Cathy's conversation. He left when Cathy said that it would degrade her to marry him and he did not hear her say to Nelly that she loved him. That night Heathcliff left Wuthering Heights and did not return until three years later.

When Cathy was eighteen, she married Edgar. Cathy never loved Edgar, in the true sense of the word, but she married him for his money. Three years later, Heathcliff appeared at Thrushcross Grange. He was much changed and although we never hear of what he did during his absence, there are hints of him having gone to the army. Heathcliff had lost his stoop and his manner was dignified. He did not seem to be on the defensive anymore, but had self-esteem and was confident. He told Cathy that he had fought a bitter life and had struggled for her. Because of this, we tend to feel sorry for Heathcliff.

When Hindley died, Heathcliff inherited Wuthering Heights, and Hareton lived with him. Heathcliff, although he wanted to hate Hareton, had a growing interest in him and liked him more than he did his own son.

Maybe if Heathcliff had not had such an unhappy childhood, he would have been a better, kinder person instead of being so cruel and wicked. But even after all his wrong doings, we never go totally against him. At the end when Heathcliff is haunted by Cathy's ghost to the point where he does not even know he exists. We tend to forget all he did, and are sad for him. Heathcliff dies at an early age - of what, Dr Kenneth could not diagnose.

ISIXHOSA

M. Malherbe Std 6

NdiguMargie. Ndihlala e Bishops court. Yonke imihla kusasa nditya isonka, amaganda nesidudu. Ndiphunga iti. Ndihamba isikolo yonke imihla. Ndithanda isikolo Zinja zam nguShandy noCyndy noPunchy. Ikati yam ngusSmokey. Ndithanda izinja nekati kukhulu.

I am Margie. I live in Bishops court. Every day in the morning I eat bread, eggs and porridge. I drink tea. I go to school every day. I like school. My dogs are Shandy and Cyndy and Punchy. My cat is Smokey. I like the dogs and the cat very much.

TRANQUILITY

K. French Std 7

And this is tranquility
Peace
of both body and mind.
A feeling of complete
Satisfaction
With no vexations
To the spirit.

LOVE

And they call this love
That feeling of total joy
When your heart reaches up
And touches the heavens
And swings on the stars
And dances on the moon
Making the whole of you
Come alive
And savour the beauty of life.

FRIENDS

Friends are the essence of life.
With friends,
Nothing becomes everything,
Hate becomes love,
War becomes peace,
A spark becomes a flame
Which not even the strongest wind
Can cause to flicker.

* * *

Il est cinq heures du matin et il faut que je me lève pour faire le petit déjeuner. Un oeuf à la coque pour Jean. Un oeuf sur le plat pour Paul et les oeufs brouillés pour Michélie et, ah non, j'ai oublié ce que le monsieur coulait. Il fait froid et tout est encore noir, ma chambre semble enchantée avec la lumière de la lampe qui bouge sur tous les meubles. Je me lave et l'eau est vraiment très froide mais ça me réveille vite.

Les réveille-matins commencent à sonner la maison est chaotique, tout le monde crie et personne n'est satisfait.

"Où sont mes chaussettes Miriam?"

"Mais j'ai dit que je voulais que tu cires mes chaussettes!"

Rein que je viens de faire est juste et personne n'a envie de manger. Les morceaux de pain moitié mangés et les oeufs restent sur la table après le départ de la famille. Je fais la vaisselle et commence à nettoyer la maison, les cendriers pleins de cigarettes dégoûtantes, les trognons de pomme, ça n'arrête jamais. Les blancs ne se déplient pas mais ils m'énervent avec leurs petits couneries.

'Madame' est déjà parti pour faire l'essayage d'une nouvelle robe, donc il n'y a personne pour le déjeuner. J'aime bien ça parce que maintenant je peux faire tout quand je veux. Aujourd'hui il fait faire la lessive, c'est incroyable le nombre de chaussettes que Jean porte pendant une journée j'espère que tout va bien avec lui.

Je suis complètement vannée après l'après-midi plein de travail, mais j'ai un sentiment que j'ai vraiment fait quelque chose. La famille aime la bonne cuisine et tout le monde est plein de joie.

La nuit est très sombre quand je couche dans mon petit lit; j'éteins la lumière je n'étend je ne vois rien, je ne pense à rien, en, je dors.



crumpled piece
of newspaper
6/2/80

Dot Douglas
et al. 9

ONE ANOTHER

B. Doyle Std. 9

Running aimlessly up the days and down the days, we seek
(one another)
A goal to quench our thirst for an understanding of
(one another)
Where we are going.

Stumbling hopelessly, blindly reaching out for
(one another)
A purpose.
We wonder what is being lost and what will be gained by touching
(one another)
Our ultimate fantasy which forever is floating away,
Causing us to leave
(one another)
Our dreams behind us.

BLIND

B. Doyle Std 9

If only I could reach back
Through the passages that past time twisted,
To gaze through my opaque window pane
That past breath misted,
To grasp that feeling, slowly drifting,
To send me soaring, skyward lifting.

Oh Painter! take your palette -
Create a crystal world for me
Of radiant rainbow - coloured things,
Where I could chance to glance
At that expression only laughter brings.

Oh that broken butterfly-delicate dream
Like sand through my hand is falling;
Mid-air stalling,
When I start recalling
How dark it is in here.



E. Daye
Stal 7

IT WAS A DREAM OF PERFECT BLISS, TOO BEAUTIFUL TO LAST

- T.H. BAYLY (1797-1839)

MY ISLAND

K. French Std 7

Very often in my mind, I picture my dream island even though I know that it could never possibly enter the realms of reality. Here I enjoy all the wonderful things of life which could never be experienced otherwise. On my island, I am completely alone and able to enjoy the feeling of solitude. My whole life is spent at leisure, me doing just as I please, free of all responsibilities and other hazards of life. Everything here is completely natural and untouched by the destructive hand of man.

The early morning here is a breathtakingly beautiful sight. The whole island is cool and enfolded in mist, which swirls and sways as a fresh breeze gently blows through it. Through the grey blanket, I watch the white-capped waves dancing to and fro and then lapping the sunlit, glistening shore. Sometimes the snow-white wild horses come down from inland and can be seen galloping along the beachfront, their long manes and tails flowing in the wind behind them. Suddenly, (as if the clock had struck twelve) the mist lifts and they disappear. I bathe in a small rock-pool which is very secluded and surrounded by little rocks. If I prefer a shower, I enjoy an exhilarating one under a small waterfall which cascades down a shining cliff. Clothes are completely done away with, as I am alone here and it never gets cold. Only the mornings are sometimes a little cool, but then the mist engulfs me and acts as a thick, cosy jersey, preventing me from feeling in the least bit chilly. Fruit grows abundantly here, and when I feel hungry, I eat any of the variety of fruits to be found. Sometimes, when I am swimming, I feel a bump on my leg and look down to see a coconut or two beside me. In this way, I have easy access to, and am never without food. When I feel like something a little more substantial, I go fishing in my glass-bottomed boat. This is one of my favourite pastimes. Not only do I catch my fish, but also enjoy a glimpse of the intriguing underwater world of my island. The water is ice-blue, refreshingly cool, without any imminent dangers, such as sharks. So as to explore the sea-bed, I often go diving. As I plunge into the glassy depths, it is as if I am entering another world, an unreal world so full of splendour and breathtaking beauty that I learn something incredible every time I venture into it. I collect coral with which I make jewellery and intricate ornaments. On the sea-bed there is a dazzling variety of almost every colour in the rainbow.

My life here gives me every opportunity to make use of my deep interest in nature and biology. I watch all the movements of certain creatures for months. I note everything about them and in doing so, learn how to go about living amongst them.

My favourite time of the day is dusk. I sit on a sand-dune everyday at this time, with my 'dream' world stretched out in front of me, and watch the great, golden ball slither down behind the horizon, leaving only an array of glowing fingers stretching upwards towards the ceiling of the sky. After a few minutes, even they disappear. The golden light which had bathed my island just before, is now replaced by the blueish hue which creeps in, and slowly engulfs everything, growing gradually darker as it does so.

I sleep on the beach or amongst the sand dunes, depending on the tide. The glowing beams of moonlight caress my face gently and the stars flicker in my mind as darkness draws a curtain over it.

This is my Utopia !

The man walked down the long cold passage. Every part of his body moved in time to the call of hopelessness and despair in his head. The sound of his footsteps jumped off the floor and hit his head. He was not aware of his warders next to him, only of the beating of his head, body and heart.

His body was going to be imprisoned forever now. Gone was the freedom to do exactly what he wanted or say what he wished. However, he knew that they could never imprison his mind or bind his thoughts. He thought he could let his mind wander easily anywhere he wished it to go.

However, as he began to walk along the many corridors of his mind and peep into the many, many doors, he became aware that no matter what he saw, the face of the young girl with her eyes stretched with terror and her mouth twisted with fear, would always be staring at him, where ever he looked. His mind began to run at lightning speed down the passages of his memories to try to get away from the presence of the girl. Exhausted, he threw himself into a small room into which he had not been for a very, very long time. It was a room painted in bright colours. On the wall was a picture in a gilt frame. In the picture he was a strong little boy, bathed in love and adoration. He was enjoying the sweet part of the bitter-sweetness of being a spoilt child. However, he then seemed to float into a chamber of children he had remembered and suddenly the girl appeared. He rushed out of that chamber and along that never-ending corridor once more. He passed rooms and chambers and halls, all of which were filled with his past. He noted with some pride that in each was a trophy signifying that he had his own way in that chamber. He had always had his own way - well, except once and that had resulted in

He was shown into his cell. He sat down on the bed very quietly. The warder stared down at him and said the little sentence which he always repeated to all his prisoners, "Well, it's not a bloody hotel, but then you can't expect one, not after what you've done." The man stared up at him and then down at his hands. "They don't really understand me," he sighed to himself, but didn't say anything. They could never understand that if you were denied something you wanted badly, something had to be done.

THE LITTLE GREEN SUITCASE

Sarah Wynne-Edwards 548

Being awoken from a dreamy, restful night by the ring of an alarm clock is enough to put one into a bad mood, especially at those early hours. I slowly climbed out of bed with the disturbing thought that it was Monday and the first day of the month, which meant that a great deal of work would have to be done that day.

I was secretary for one of the two competitive computer firms in my town. Arriving at work promptly at eight o' clock, I was met by my hysterical boss. He had just arrived back from America and had by mistake left a suitcase at the airport. He explained to me that the suitcase contained all the valuable secret information about the latest computers in America. He finished off miserably, saying that if the other firm got hold of the suitcases our firm would be ruined. As Mr Dithers, my boss, had an important meeting, I was to be dropped off at the airport to find the suitcase, "A little green suitcase" was the only clue.

After questioning what seemed like hundreds of people, who either just shrugged their shoulders or told me that they would look out for the 'little green suitcase,' I began to feel desperate. At about twelve o'clock a lady at the information desk informed me that a suitcase had been found and that it had been given to a man who claimed to work with the firm. A flood of relief swept through me as I realized that Mr Dithers must have come to the airport himself to track down his suitcase.

When I arrived back at the office, I was met by Mr Dithers who immediately asked if I had found the suitcase. I stood shocked for a moment as I realized what must have happened. In a weak voice I told Mr Dithers that the suitcase must have been given to a man from the other firm, who had heard that it had been lost at the airport.

We were sitting, drinking coffee in a dreadful silence. Every now and again, Mr Dithers muttered that all his six months of research in America had lead to ruining the whole firm. Suddenly the telephone rang and on answering it, I was rudely accused by some old man, of having taken his suitcase containing precious photographs of his grandchildren. He continued to say that he had a suitcase filled with useless scribbled-on paper. I suddenly smiled as I realized that the other firm must have picked up this poor man's suitcase, ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ who had in revenge, taken the other green suitcase, our little green suitcase.

After having collected the suitcase and returned it to a delighted Mr Dithers, I set off home, thinking that atleast Monday was over!

Somewhere up in the vast and everlasting space of my mind, is an island. I was born with this island in my head and am doomed, while I am still in this physical state, to search for it always. I have a feeling that others too have islands, and that they too are doomed to search for them. I think this because everybody seems to be searching for something, and that something may well be an island like mine. Although I am doomed to search for my island, there are very few definite, foolproof, stress-resistant signposts or guidelines which help me in my search.

I have never experienced my island, but I know that there is a long white beach of calmness there, stretching forever. There are rippling and bubbling rivers and splashing waterfalls of pure joy. Cool lush forests of contentment and fulfilment grow near golden wheat fields of satisfaction. On one side of the island are gently rolling hills of friendship and good humour, which are covered in every sort of flower. Regularly, there are soft rain showers of inspiration and up in the sky, clouds of gentleness and meekness float about; blushing pink and peach in the morning, while during the day, they are pure and white and at night, red and radiant. There are also the huge glittering stars and mysterious moon in the unknown night sky of adventure. Towering above, like hills and plains, are the purple snow-capped mountains of hope and optimism. The island is surrounded by a long and precious reef of security and all day long the huge sun of love beams down.

This is my island, the island I know is there. If it were not there and I had never experienced it, how could I know of it, unless the thought was pumped into my mind by an outside force? However, although I know it is there, I have not found it yet. So I, and I think many others in the vast space of their minds, swim through the sea of thoughts and emotions and get caught up by cold and strong currents, like that of self-centredness, which looks far away, but is actually menacingly close. The currents which flow towards this structure, are violent and treacherous. Anger and hate throw you about furiously, making you exhausted. Yet you must swim on, for you cannot stop or get out of the waters of the mind that flow cold and roughly or warm and gently. The warm currents seem to flow in the opposite direction to the cold currents. When you get pulled along in the warm currents, you seem to move further and further away from the dark structure, which I suppose is another island, and in the distance, there seems to be warmth and a glow. It is then that the dark current grabs you and, because the warm currents do not claim you, you get pulled away. I wonder if that glow is my island? I wonder if I shall ever find my island? Or am I, along with others, doomed to toss about in the sea of the mind, instead of standing on the firm ground of an island such as mine.

The morning showed signs of the day becoming one of those special, beautiful kinds of days when the dew still lay in heavenly clusters, sparkling in the early morning sunshine. The fairies hitched rides on passing toads to return to their boudoirs to recline for the day. The earthworms were surfacing briefly before returning for more feasting on the underworld. The soil was rich and chestnut-coloured as eight-legged monsters tracked across the land tripping and hustling about their business. The cat, putting a sudden end to any such creature in her path, sauntered on home after a long, well-fed night!

Still, it was the kind of day when one can forgive the evening crickets for working over-time or the moon retiring rather late, for the sun was glorious, and it seemed to be that someone should softly whisper to the clusters of flowers that their days had begun. And this somebody did - although theoretically speaking, it was, what one would call mid-winter.

Now, the first to receive the message was the day-lily who got it from the sweet peas who got it from the lemons who . . . and she was not going to present herself to anyone just as she was, and, therefore, spent three hours preparing herself.

It was her day and she was going to make the very best of it! For hours she had organised the exact shade of the petals - dark at the centre radiating to almost flesh-coloured on the edges. Every single freckle of colour was, in itself, a masterpiece. Neither too small or too large, they imprinted themselves in the perfect colouring. Life had been easy up to now but the time had arrived for the formation of each individual stamen. Heavens! Did they only get in the way! Leaving their pollen prints all over the perfect petals. Finally she felt she was ready.

After all the rearranging inside, the covering petals were gaping slightly, just enough so that no one could look in but enough for her to bend her dignified stem to allow for a glance in the murky puddle next to her.

"Ooh, it looks simply marvellous!" she exclaimed in an untrained voice reaching four octaves up the scale.

With controlled dignity she upheld herself, and the outer petals slowly began to fall. By this time she felt sure that the whole universe must be waiting for her. So carefully they started coming, the flaming freckled orange petals rolled themselves down, and one by one she straightened them out, taking care to iron every crease out of her newly tailored frock.

"Oh, do hurry up!" bellowed the impatient renunculi in unison surrounding her. She was completely unperturbed and carried on in her own way. Now all that was left to do was to ensure that all the tips were down and then the awful over-pollinated stamens could spring up.

She coughed a bit, straightened the stem, and with a loud yawn screeched: "Good morning, world!" and when she looked around, not a single eye was focussed on her, even the impatient renunculi had given up their waiting - she wasn't one of them.

This did not worry her, this was her day and she was going to enjoy and remember every single moment of it.

"Oh Jeremy, do hurry up. You'll miss your bus!" With bounding leaps, he flew out of the house, cap here, bag there and toast in his mouth.

Jumping over the grass and rocks, he made an abortive attempt to jump into the puddle, he tripped, fell, got up and caught his bus.

There was not a single breeze all that special beautiful day, and the sun kept casting shadows on clusters of impatient renunculi and half-eaten pieces of toast.

Being a typical teenager of the twentieth century, I have a terribly weak spot for the vogue fashions that appear in the fashion magazines every two weeks. My other downfalls are make-up, shoes (especially the Italian ones) and - believe it or not - to get away from that side of life, books! Yes, I am a confirmed bookworm, and once I get into a good book, nothing will get me out of my hidey-hole! Anyway, those are also my downfalls when it comes to money.

I am a 'darling little Daddy's girl' on the first of the month, as I am about to get my allowance, that has to last me a whole thirty one days. Honestly, why can't fathers be the ones who do the household shopping, and then they would see how far a measly twenty rand does not go? Also, before this vast sum is dealt out to me, I am lectured on what a fortunate young lady I am, in being able to receive an allowance and to have a wardrobe 'full' of clothes. Well, this money is the most precious possession of mine, until a few days after the first of the month, where it has disappeared into one, or even two items - if I am lucky.

Having just received my money, it is here in my hot little hand, but actually burning a hole in my pocket. What should be my first monthly item? Oh, of course! Naturally, what else? The new Darling has just been put on the market, and then I can see what winter things I must buy. So, off I trot to the nearest cafe, buy the magazine, as well as a chocolate and, of couse, I am thirsty, so that is two rand down the drain! Oh, dear!

The clothes are so expensive, so I will wait for next month, to put the money towards a really smart outfit. But, as I knew at the time, it would never last that long. A new type of make-up has come on the market, so I must try that out, and what about those fashion earrings? And - I almost forgot - I 'need' one of those lovely peak caps

So with this, that and the other, there it goes!

POETRY IS THE SPONTANEOUS OVERFLOW OF POWER-
FUL FEELINGS; IT TAKES ITS ORIGIN FROM EMOTIONS
RECOLLECTED IN TRANQUILITY - W. WORDSWORTH (1770-1780)

THE STREETS OF KOWLOON

Juliette Salamon Std 9

I watched the sunrise from my window
overlooking the tired, wornout street
of this unkept city.

Where people cooked under
a tawny tarpaulin
or sat in a crouched position
on the street, sampling their
rations of rice and meat.

Yes, I noticed the cruel poverty,
The crying of babes and howling dogs,
Alley cats scampering to and fro.
I met the poor dead dog, hung up
to dry in the sun, where it would
someday be devoured ravenously.

This city, Kowloon, held my fascination,
The little holes - in - walls which one
presumed were bargain shops,

Yet even here there is beauty within the people,
Who, with their far eastern touch,
Tread peace with every step.

BLACK AND WHITE

Jill Breen Std 9

Black or white -
Yesterday life seemed plainly
Wrong or right.

Only man has smeared the black with white
and the white with black.
I thought I knew people,
I thought I knew the way people think;
But today I found out that my childish world
is taking on larger dimensions.

People surround me, unseeing, uncaring,
The clouds drift into my clear horizons.
Why can't the world be uncomplicated
With no hidden feelings
and no camouflaged lies
like that of a story book, printed black on white.

Black or white -
Today I know that life is a blur,
Grey.

MODERN LIFE

M. Oford Sd 8

It crashes and jangles
Like so amny bangles
Rich - they have gold
Poor - brassy but bold.

It has so many angles;
mixed love triangles
There are men, there are doves
Young girls have new loves.

It sparkles and spangles
Old men make changes
It is a balm and a knife
It is our MODERN LIFE.

TEARS

They gather into a glistening mass of suppressed energy
One slips the bond, and is free.
It flows gently over the curves, twinkling brightly
delighted with its new found life.
It slides faster and faster,
Wild with ecstasy, mad with joy.
Down, down, over my cheeks, until at last it hangs
Poised, ready, trembling.
A shining crystal brought up from a deep dark mine,
Hanging there it reflects a multitude of lights;
and my sadness.
I should be happy in my sorrow,
for I have set a prisoner free.

MADNESS

Sue Lanfear Sd 9

I am caged in my own world
of loneliness.
I am different.
"They" call that mad.
They don't understand me
But do they try?
My mind is in a turmoil
And I can't sort it out alone.
They won't help -
They don't care
Maybe that's why they label me.

TURMOIL

Sue lanfear Std 9

I would like to kill him
But that would be murder
For which I would be condemned
But my mind would be satisfied

If I did not kill him
He might kill me,
For which he would be condemned
But his mind would be revenged.

If neither of us were to kill
We would condemn ourselves for hating.

MOTHER OF PEACE

Jill Breen Std 9

The old woman looks on,
the kind brown eyes glistening softly
in their deep-set hollows.
Proud with age she holds her head high -
her ancestry revealing a quiet importance
of age-old traditions.

Her wisened face has seen all
the destitution and poverty of the world.
An empire of love and pleasure
envelops the heavy creases of her skin;
Her face is lined with strength and deep emotion
and her smile shows purest joy.

The human clay moulds itself in unambiguous love
as she makes her sacred beliefs known;
Sunlight bathes the contours of her face -
the warmth of her feelings complements the sun's heat.
She lives in a perpetual world of conflicts
but she is the Mother of Peace.

Kim Jameson Std 6

He was born at Stratford-Upon-Avon,
in the year fifteen sixty four.
He wrote plays such as King Lear,
The Tempest and many more.

All his plays had prologues,
Now, what does that word mean?
There was no scenery
so the prologue set the scene.

His characters were true to life
But he was not true to his wife.
His writing was prolific
and really quite terrific.
It brought to him much fame.
Yes, William Shakespear was his name.

SHAKESPEARE

O Saunders

Std 6

Shakespeare was a clever man
He married a woman called Anne
Whether he was faithful and true
I won't decide, I'll leave it to you.
He's well known for his poetry and writing
He wrote about love, tragedy and fighting
His patron was of Royal descent
Elizabeth paid his wages and probably his rent.

IMPRESSIONS OF MAYNARDVILLE

M. Orford

Std B

The wind is cool, soft and sweet;
It calms the days restless heat.
The quiet murmur of voice and paper
Will be silenced later.
The stage grows dark and forms grow dim
The moon shows actors fine of limb.
Cascading waterfalls of light
reveal Shakespeare to the night.
The mind is borne from love to hate
But never does the pace abate.
From fair Juliet's age-old plight
to brave Mercurio's fatal fight.
The audience savours the thrill
Which draws us all to Maynardville.

We have had enough of human stuff
and find their manner a fast
growing huff.
Ape or monkey all the same,
Pandæe another name.
Our intelligence is an experiment
greatly to our detriment,
used for the relief
of human belief.
We are laughed at for our looks
cartooned in dirty books.

All the same that human race,
we wonder when they fell from grace.
The beauty and peace which they
have shattered
for towns and cities, as if they mattered
Homo Sapiens, where is your shame?
Give back the world and take the blame.

SMOG

M. Malherbe Std 6

The grey old devil
spreading out wide like a mist
conquering the earth.

THE SNAKE

M. Malherbe Std 6

The snake slithers
through the grass
Looking for food
With his eyes of glass
An egg or a rat,
a fish or a cat,
anything will satisfy
this ugly reptile so sly.

PRISONER

B. Longmore Std. 8

Alone in my silent world
The music of this world is dumb
A perpetual film where the actors make no sound
A conversation, but I'm no part.

I am lost in a nobody's world
Words I long to hear
Are only visible through lips and hands
I'm thankful I can see.

Daily these walls that surround
Press closer, crushing me, making a noise so great
Yet, I cannot hear.

SUPPRESSION

C. Jackson Std 9

The Beggar, clad in rags
barefoot; he is alone, ashamed
of his profession. Alcohol is his
weakness - no one told him
about the hazards of indulgence.
He is uneducated, he has no chance,
no opportunities. He is black.
His feelings are suppressed;
he is a slave to the big white boss.
One day he will explode.

His life is filled with hartsed,
his daily charity earnings do not buy him a future
they buy him an escape.
Religion does not provide a suitable alternative
Alcohol does

He is in jail for loitering.

MISCELLANEOUS



L. SHONFELD
STD. 9

SCHOOLS THAT DIFFER

School is a place where one is required to go for the purpose of acquiring an education. That main goal sounds basic enough, but the way in which it is achieved varies between schools in one's city, country and throughout the world. One system of schools is not necessarily better or worse than another, simply because it is different. One usually grows up experiencing only one system of education, and since it is the only form one is exposed to, it is considered very practical and efficient. I have now experienced two totally different schools; one in the United States and one in South Africa, and this is what I've found:

I am from Oxford, a small University town in Southwest Ohio. Talawanda, the High school (grades 9-12), is the only one within fifteen miles, thus everyone must go there. It is a large public, co-educational school with decency as its only requirement for dress. I find Herschel to be a big change. Now I am in a city attending a small, private girls school and am wearing a uniform. If only my friends could see me now!

Why is there such a difference? Both turn out well prepared, witty, young people, and the student body of both schools hate the routine necessary to accomplish this task. Tradition? American schools hold on to tradition as well, but in different areas. We have our annual Staff versus Student basketball game, Football Homecoming, Prom, Senior pranks, Student government, pledge to our flag and so forth. Tradition at Herschel, I have found, consists of uniform dress, prayer, Inter-House competitions, Matric dance and Staff versus Student hockey. Notice we do have some activities in common, yet the latter stresses a formal, more disciplined form of tradition.

Each set of rules, policies and elements of tradition that exists in a school, are designed for that school. To try and impose one particular system on a school, for which it was not made, would be ridiculous. My school, with 1,200 students, with backgrounds ranging from farmers to professor's kids, would not respond to the prefect system here. They would also definitely not give up their freedom of dress. Similarly, a more relaxed and informal system would not be tolerated here.

School in the United States is the place where the majority of one's social contacts are made. What one wears reflects, somewhat, on one's personality and, unfortunately, economic status as well. Such an assessment is not always accurate but, never the less, first impressions count. I'm so glad Herschel is an all girls school, because of the flattering uniforms we wear. They have a favourable unifying and equalizing effect, but their aesthetic beauty is limited. How many times have you been asked out socially while in your Herschel uniform?!!!

Differences have existed between schools and methods of teaching for centuries. As long as physical, mental and emotional development is being pursued, the rest is secondary. I am finding my stay at Herschel to be a fantastic learning experience. Not the learning found in books, but that gained through interaction with people - friendships. Thank you!

Jeannie Brown

APS '80

Nineteen of us left Cape Town on the evening of June 18. We soon arrived at Jan Smuts Airport, where we boarded a plane for the long, tedious flight to Athens.

ATHENS

We arrived in Athens at 3.00p.m. We all felt clammy and hot but that did not matter because it was exciting to realise that we were actually in Greece. We departed for our hotel, where we made ourselves comfortable and about an hour later we felt that the art tour had really begun. We visited our first museum.

We walked to the National Archeological museum, where we saw the amphora vase, black figure techniques and other interesting ancient Greek archeological finds.

A number of us felt a bit homesick and tired, so we left the museum and departed for our hotel.

ATHENS - DELPHI

On the morning of the 20th June, we departed by bus, bound for Delphi. The Greek countryside was pretty but a bit dry in some places. I noticed many shrines along the road, where the Greek women place small offerings.

We arrived at the Monastery of Ossiou Loukos. It was here that we had our first taste of cold mountain air, which most of us were not really prepared for, in our summer clothes.

After visiting this beautiful stone monastery, we departed for the little town of Arakhova, famous for its woven mats and bags.

We drove on to the museum at Delphi, where the famous 'Charioteer of Delphi' may be seen. We then went to the nearby Temple of Athena, which is situated below Delphi. We went on from there to the Cassava Springs, where we all drank water that would ensure us a youthful life. I think we drank from it because of sheer thirst !

After settling down in our hotel and having the afternoon at leisure, we met again at a local taverna, which overlooked the bay of Corinth.

21 JUNE

The tour left Delphi early in the morning, much to the disappointment of most of the girls, who had really enjoyed themselves. We climbed up into the hills of Delphi, where we visited the old ruins which consist of temples, a stadium and an Amphitheatre.

On our way back to Athens, we were fortunate enough to witness the runners carrying the Olympic flame from Olympia. The flame was being taken through villages along the way, where it would eventually arrive in Moscow for the Games.

Athens soon appeared again, after a long bus ride from Delphi. We visited

the famous Acropolis with the Parthenon, Temple of Athena, and the ancient open-air theatre. We caught a bus back to our hotel, where we relaxed before returning to the Acropolis for the Sound and Light display, which tells the history of the Acropolis.

22ND JUNE

We woke early to be taken by bus to the harbour, where we boarded a ferry, that took us to three Greek islands for the day. The islands were Hydra, Poros and Aegana. Most of us swam and shopped around on the islands.

After returning at 8.00p.m., we had supper and then, for those of us who felt like it, there was a little outing to the famous Plaka District, which is just below the Acropolis. We sat in a taverna where we listened to music before walking back to the hotel.

23RD JUNE

We arrived in Rome and the first thing we did was to buy a Pizza and an Italian icecream. The Tour met again after supper, where we walked to the Spanish Steps and had caricature drawings done of us. These did cause a giggle or two. We then moved on to the Trevi Fountain, which was buzzing with life at this time of the evening.

The following morning, we walked past the Column of Trajan, the Victor Emanuel II Monument, statue of Marcus Aurelius, Romulus and Remus and the Barberini Palace. We walked on to the Colosseum, where we stayed for a while. Later in the afternoon, we walked to the Borghese Museum, which was unfortunately closed and so instead, we went rowing on a lake in a park nearby.

In the evening, we took a bus to the beautiful Tivoli Gardens, which was an unforgettable experience, with water spurting out from fountains all over the gardens.

25TH JUNE

This was the day we visited the Vatican City. We were lucky to be the first people to arrive in the Sistine Chapel, before all the other tourists got there. This enabled us to look at the ceiling in peace and quiet. We then moved on to St Peter's Basilica, which is a beautiful church. We caught a bus to the Pantheon and then on to the Piazza Navona, which is a big square with a fountain in the middle of it.

The following morning we departed for Assisi, Sienna and finally, Florence.

Once at Assisi, we walked to the Monastery to see the beautiful frescoes on the walls. We were even lucky enough to see a wedding taking place in the crypt of the church.

On our arrival at Sienna, we walked around the little town where they stage an annual horse race on a big race course in the centre of the town.

At last we arrived in Florence. We took a walk along the Arno river in the

evening and then onto the Ponte Vecchio bridge. During our stay in Florence we visited the Duomo Church, Medici - Riccardi Palace and Uffizi Gallery. We also saw the Church of Santa Croce, where the tomb of Michelangelo is situated. We took an afternoon excursion to Pisa to see the leaning tower.

Our next step was Venice, where we stepped out of the station and straight onto a water taxi that took us to our hotel. We visited St Marks Square, the Doges Palace and we walked along the canal. We went on an excursion to Murano where all the Venetian glass is manufactured. The highlight of our last evening in Venice, other than having to eat awful pasta for the last time, was a gondola ride through the little canals.

The next day we departed by train for Munich. The journey took us through Northern Italy, on to the Dolomites and the Brenner Pass, where we arrived quite late at night, in Munich. The journey was an unforgettable experience because the countryside was so beautiful and green. We saw many typical alpine huts and villages along the way.

We could not see much of Munich, because of continuous, heavy rain. We went to the Lembach House, which is a museum of Modern Art and we also bought delicious chocolates.

That evening, we departed by plane for Zurich. We awoke the next morning and went up the Felsenegg by cable car. It was very cold on top of this mountain, but we were able to get an idea of the city from the top of the mountain.

There was an afternoon visit to the Kunshaus Gallery and then a boat trip on lake Zurich, in the early evening.

We departed for Paris where we soon made our way around on the Metro. We visited the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, Latin Quarter and enjoyed a boat ride on the Seine. The next day we walked through the Tuilleries garden, past the Louvre and back to Notre Dame to listen to the choir singing. An afternoon visit to the modern Pompidou Centre and the Louvre were unforgettable. The next day we visited Avenue Champs Elyses and the Arc de Triomphe. In the afternoon of that day, some of us stood in a long queue to go up the Eiffel Tower.

Our last day in France was spent at Chartres, where we went to the cathedral with its beautiful stained glass windows. That evening we departed for our last country, Britain.

Our four days in London we were allowed to our selves. Most of us went on guided tours to Windsor and Stratford-Upon-Avon. In the evenings some girls attended shows and films.

On the 12 July we departed by 'plane for Cape Town.

Nineteen of us left Cape Town on the evening of June 18th. We soon arrived at Jan Smuts airport, where we boarded the plane for a long, tedious flight, eventually arriving in Athens.

We arrived in Athens at 3p.m., feeling clammy and hot, but that did not matter, because it was exciting to realise that we were actually in Greece! We set off for our hotel, where we made ourselves comfortable. About an hour later, we felt that the Art Tour had really begun, when we visited our first museum.

We walked to the National Archeological Museum, where we saw old Greek vases such as a Greek Amphora vase and many other interesting ancient Greek Archeological finds.

The following morning we set off by bus for Delphi. The Greek countryside was very pretty, but a little dry in some places. We saw many shrines along the road, where the Greek women place little offerings, such as bottles of oil and other objects.

We arrived at the Monastery of Ossiou Loukos before lunch. This is an old stone monastery, situated high up in the mountains. The buildings are built in a yellowish brown stone, with red slate rooves. Inside the church, there are decorative mosaic works on the ceiling.

After visiting the stone-built monastery, we left for Arakhova, which is a little town near Delphi, famous for it's woven mats and bags. It was here that we all tried bargaining!

We drove on to the Museum at Delphi, where the famous 'Charioteer of Delphi' can be seen and very old Archaic sculptures, such as the Kouros and Kore. (Kouros means boy and Kore, girl.) Our next destination was the nearby Temple of Athena, which is situated below Delphi; then on to the Cassava Springs where we drank water that would ensure us a youthful life. I think we drank from it because we were just plain thirsty!

Presently we arrived at our little hotel, where we were given the afternoon to do as we wished. We met again for supper at the local Taverna, which happened to overlook the Bay of Corinth. It was interesting sampling real Greek food, such as fetta cheese and Black olives.

Leaving Delphi next morning, we were fortunate enough to witness the runners carrying the Olympic Flame from village to village. Some of us were even able to hold the torch for a moment. The runners each complete a distance of one kilometer, before handing the flame over to the next runner.

Athens appeared again after a long busride, and we visited the Acropolis for the Sound and Light display, which depicts the history of the Acropolis over the centuries. We were lucky enough to be able to listen to the English version of the story, because the following night it was told in French.

The next day, we left Athens for the harbour and a ferry trip, that would take us on a one-day tour of three nearby islands; Hydra, Poros and Ageeana. It was a lovely day with the sun shining, but I felt disappointed to see that these islands were mainly tourist resorts and that they did not have any of the little white-washed buildings that one reads about. All the girls swam and enjoyed the cool water.

The evening was spent walking around the Plaka District, which is just below the Acropolis, where we sat in a Taverna and watched Greek dancing and listened to the singing. This was our last day and evening in Greece before leaving for Italy.

ART TOUR (Continued)

Arriving in Rome, the very first thing we did was to buy a Pizza and an Italian ice cream! Then we visited the Spanish Steps in the evening, where we all had caricatures done of ourselves. This did cause a giggle or two! We then walked to the Trevi Fountains, which were buzzing with life at this time of the evening. We all threw coins in the fountain to ensure our return to Rome. The following morning, we walked to the Colosseum and saw many interesting buildings on the way, such as the Column of Trajan, the beautiful monument to Victor Emmanuel II which we named the 'wedding cake', because it resembles one! We passed the little statues of Romulus and Remus, before viewing the old Roman Forum from the top of the Capitoline Hill. Later we tried to see the Borghese Museum, which happened to be closed, being Tuesday, when most buildings in Italy are shut. We then hired rowing boats and had a lovely time on the lake in the park nearby. The Tivoli Fountains were our evenings entertainment and what a lovely experience that was, seeing the water spurting out from beautifully carved fountains.

The next morning we visited the Vatican City. Fortunately we were early and were able to see the Sistine Chapel before all the crowds of tourists arrived. This enabled us to view the ceiling of the Chapel in peace and quiet. We then toured St. Peter's Basilica which is a spectacular sight. We caught a bus to the Pantheon and then saw the Piazza Navonna, which is frequented by 'drop-outs.'

We left Rome for Assisi and Sienna the following day. At Assisi, we walked up to the monastery. We saw beautiful frescoes on the walls and we were even lucky enough to see a wedding taking place in the crypt.

Sienna was preparing for the annual horse race which takes place there. Evidently all the participants dress up in mediæval costume, carrying the banners of all the surrounding dukedoms of old, but unfortunately we had arrived too soon to see this event.

At last we arrived in Florence. Taking a walk along the Arno river and onto the Ponte Vecchio as soon as we arrived, we soon found our way around this city. We stayed for four days, visiting the Uffizi Gallery and the Church of Sante Croce where we saw the Tomb of Michelangelo. We went to the straw market, where we bought some most interesting bits and pieces, and we generally became part of the city - even if only for a few days.

We were all looking forward to seeing Venice, and as we arrived, we stepped into a water taxi, which took us to our hotel. St. Marks Square and the Doges Palace were the first places we visited and in the latter, we saw the cells below the water-line, where criminals were once kept. The island of Murano was interesting, where we were able to watch glass ornaments, vases and objects d'art being handmade. The highlight of our last evening in Venice, was a gondola ride through the little canals, spoilt only by the fact that our gondolier couldn't sing! However, it was a lovely experience which I shall never forget.

We travelled by train to Munich when we left Venice. This was an exhilarating ride that took us through the Dolomite mountains and the Brenner Pass. It was freezing cold and there were touches of snow on the peaks. We arrived at our destination in pouring rain.

Our day in Munich was spent walking around a section of the city, with an afternoon visit to the Lenbach Haus, which is a gallery of modern art. We saw works by Kandensky and Klee.

ART TOUR (Continued)

The following day we arrived in Zurich, taking a cable car up the Felsenegg, to see a spectacular view of the city. The afternoon was spent visiting the Kunst Haus, which houses a superb collection of modern art and others. The building is extremely up-to-date and we were told that the rooms are all kept at a certain temperature and humidity, to protect the paintings. We also went for a pleasant boatripe on Lake Zurich in the early evening.

Next day we left for Paris and fortunately the weather seemed to improve. Our first outing was to Notre Dame and it was followed by an evening boatripe on the Seine. We found the Latin Quarter to be an exciting place, so it was here that we decided to have supper.

The remainder of our visit to Paris was spent going to the Jour de Pome Art Gallery, which is a minor gallery to the Louvre. We walked through the Tuillerie Gardens and then on to the Louvre, where famous pieces of art may be seen, such as the Mona Lisa. We also took the Metro to the Avenue Champs Elysees, where we saw the Arc de Triumph. Some of us even braved the Eiffel Tower, by travelling right to the top, where we were able to see all around the city. The crazy Pompidou Centre is also in Paris. This was an afternoon's entertainment in itself, with it's ultra-modern construction as well as the side shows going on in the square outside the centre.

Our last stop was in London, where we were greeted by rain which unfortunately fell throughout our stay. Here we were also allowed to do as we wished, so most people went to their families or on optional tours into the country. The two most popular tours were to Windsor and to Stratford-Upon-Avon. I think that most of us will remember the green countryside and the quaint stone houses and villages that we passed along the way. At night we were able to visit the current shows.

The Art Tour was certainly a holiday well spent !

Hosane ke ya ho Mark. O dula polasing forastata.
Mark ke aubuti mme ne bapala hamonate polasing
hobane rerata polasi.

Mark o rua dipere le dikgomomme hape lo lema poone.
Mark o dula polasing le Maggy lo rua dikgoho. Batho
ba batla dikgoho ho Maggy hobane ba phena dikgoho.
Ena ha ke rate dikgoha kapa kgomo hobane motho ha a
palame kgoho le kgomo. Ke rata pere hobane motho o
palama di pere, le Mark o rata dipere mme hoseng re-
palama dipere. Re ya dikgomong ka dipere. Motho o
palama hantle ka pere polasing kajeno Mark oa thaba
hobane repalama dipere mmoho. Oa palama mme o letsa
katara hobane re a bina.

Empa jwale Mark O tshwara katara ha a tshware tomo.
O re o palama hantle empa ha a palame hantle hobane
ha a bone tsela. Repalama kapele mme ke a bona, Mark
o tswa tselong twale kere : Hei monna, o ya kae? Twale
Mark o batla tomo empa ha a bone tomo. O rutla katara
empa ke katara hase tomo. Egele Mark owela fatshe
ruthu Katara ummm !

Translation from SesothoFARM

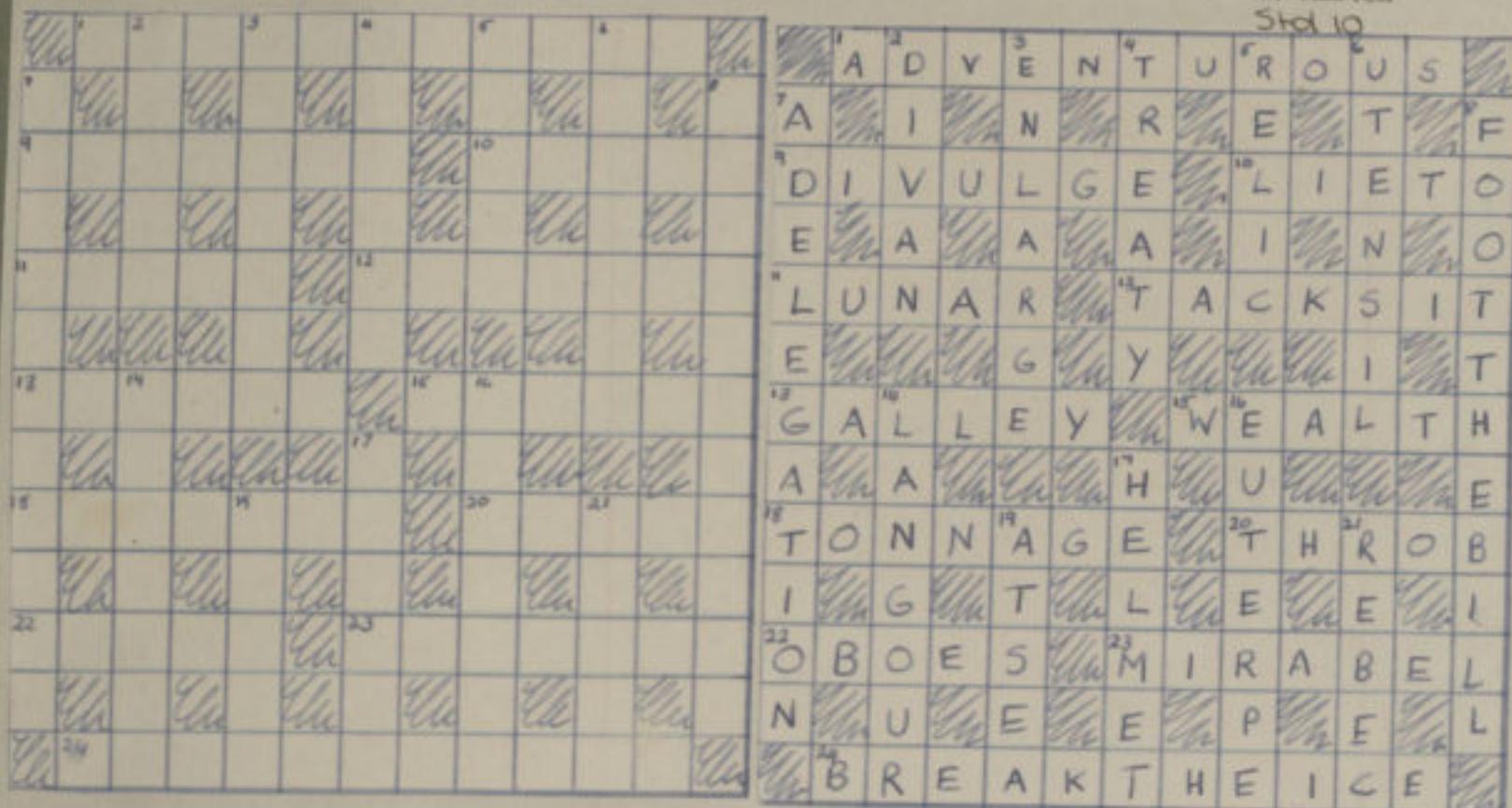
Tomorrow I am going to Marks place. He stays at the farm in the Free State. Mark is a brother to me and we play very nicely at the farm, because we like it. x

Mark rides the horses and the cows and plant some mielies. Mark stays at the farm with Maggy. She chases the chickens. People want some chickens from Maggy because they cook them. I don't like chickens or cows because you don't ride them ! I like horses because you ride on them. Mark also likes horses and we ride every morning. We go and see the cows on the horses. A person rides very nicely in the farm on a horse. Today Mark is happy because we ride horses. He rides and plays the guitar, because we are singing.

But now Mark holds the guitar and holds the reins. He says he rides peacefully, but he doesn't see the road. We ride fast but I see that Mark is coming off the road. I say: "Hey man, where are you off to?"

He now wants the rein but he can't see it. He gets hold of the guitar instead of the rein. He bangs on the road and the guitar breaks into pieces !

C. Marten
Styl 10



ACROSS

1. Happening to use nothing with point and hand - being bold. (11)
9. Disclose in note you lived in a middle. (7)
10. Deceive while stationary? (3;2)
11. Will unarm partly on the moon. (5)
12. Stick at what the examstress might do. (5;2)
13. Longboat in the kitchen (6)
15. The law of affluence. (6)
18. Agent on about weight. (7)
20. Both about night regarding painful beating. (5)
22. Boos, note for instrument. (5)
23. I get a hand from Mabel and her friend. (7)
24. Bake the rice to ease the tension. (5;3;3)

DOWN

2. Had Ivan a couch, only parts would be used. (5)
3. The action is often larger than life. (7)
4. Behave towards your capital badly and make peace. (6)
5. Different Italian change, note, is old. (5)
6. Listen, usual capital is to be used! (7)
7. Girl gets reversed lable and ion and makes a representation. (1;10)

Indian

1 In the name of ALLAH, Most
GRACIOUS, Most Merciful.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

2 PRAISE be to ALLAH, the Creator,
and Sustainer of the worlds.

أَلْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ وَالْحَمْدُ

3 Most GRACIOUS, Most Merciful, MASTER
OF the day of JUDGEMENT.

الرَّحِيمِ مَا لِكَ يَوْمِ الدِّينِ

4 Thee do we worship and THINE
aid we seek.

إِيَّاكَ نَعْبُدُ وَإِيَّاكَ نَسْتَعِينُ

5 Show us the STRAIGHT WAY, the
WAY OF those on whom THOU hast bestowed THY

إِقْدِمْنَا الصِّرَاطَ الْبُشْرَى

GRACE. Those whose (portion) is NOT
WRATH and who go NOT astray

الَّذِينَ أَنْعَمْتَ عَلَيْهِمْ غَيْرِ

8 O ALLAH. Let it be so!

أَمْطَعُونَ عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا الضَّالِّينَ

آمِينَ

N. Dandluber
Stal 7

ALL GOOD THINGS THAT
EXIST ARE THE FRUITS OF
ORIGINALITY

- J.S. MILL (1806-1873)

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a pair of shoes
1/2/80

Det Douglas
Std. 9

